JAN. 15, 1938

Literary DIGEST

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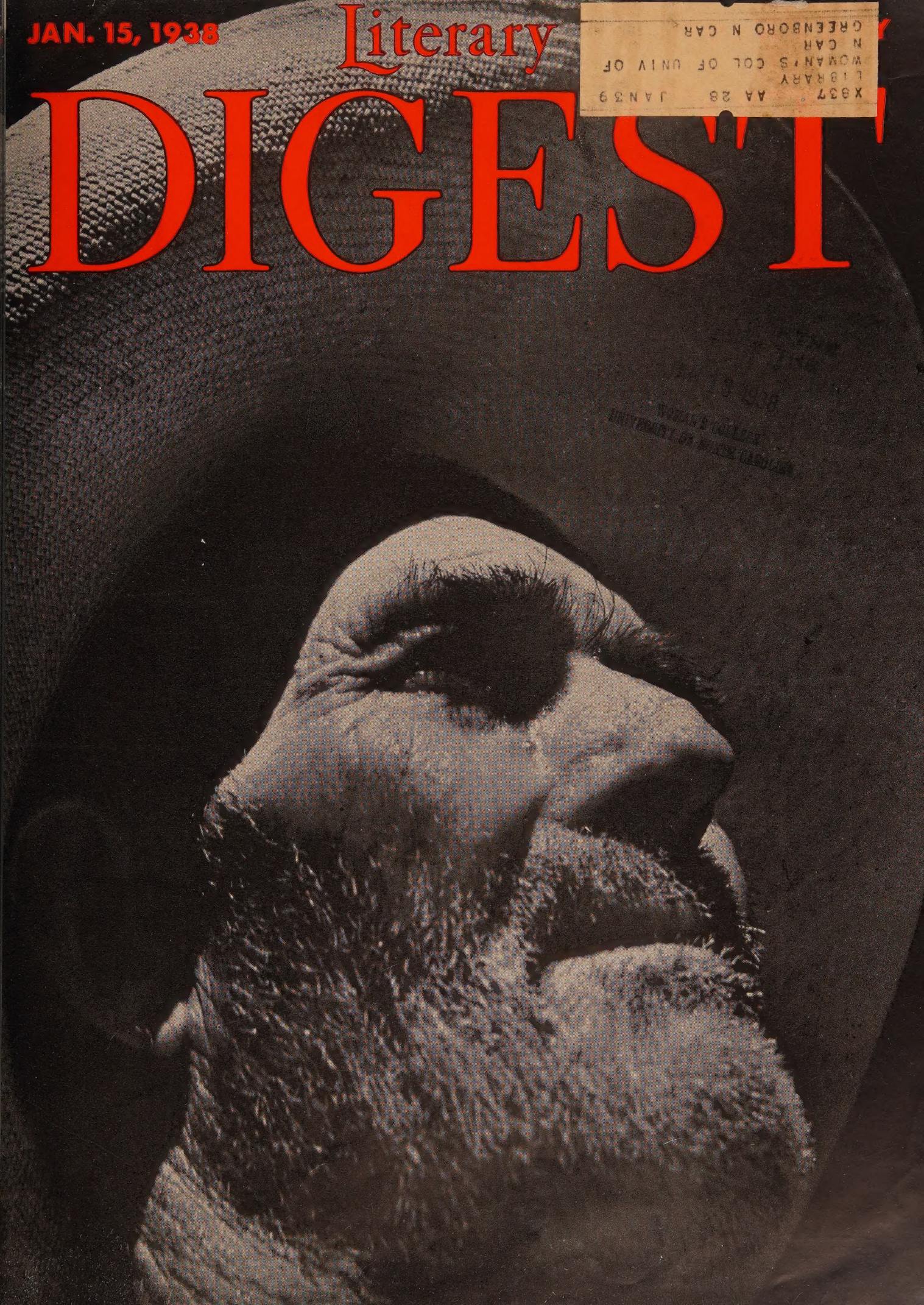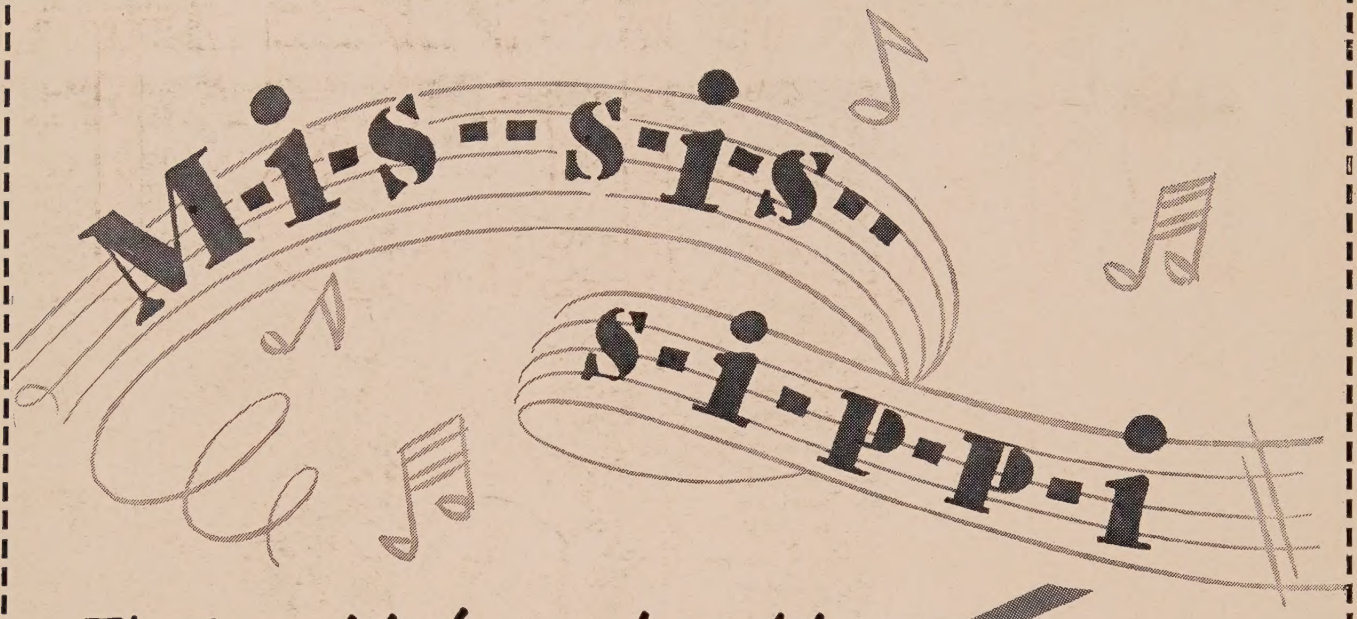

That used to be so hard to ~~SPELL~~ SELL

IN AN ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN to attract desirable industries to Mississippi, Literary Digest led the five other magazines used by a margin of 3 to 1 in securing inquiries . . . so runs a report by the Mississippi Industrial Commission recently released • Here are the facts which changed the words of the old Mississippi tune from "hard to spell" to "easy to sell" • A *single* one-time advertisement in Literary Digest produced 50 per cent more worth-while prospect-inquiries than did *three* advertisements in another important national weekly . . . with Literary Digest inquiries costing only 1/5 as much. Even more noteworthy was the fact that Literary Digest—a general weekly—produced more inquiries at a lower cost than did the business papers used . . . the range being from twice to nearly fourteen times Literary Digest inquiry costs. All inquiries used in these calculations were checked by the Commission as representing desirable industrial concerns • To advertisers and their agents, results such as these emphatically prove that the nearly half-a-million Literary Digest readers are not only *responsible* people . . . they are *responsive* as well • Literary Digest advertising offices are located at 233 Fourth Avenue, New York; 180 No. Michigan Blvd., Chicago; 29 East de la Guerra, Santa Barbara, Calif.; Walton Building, Atlanta; 710 Stephenson Building, Detroit.

LITERARY DIGEST

REPRODUCTION OF AN ADVERTISEMENT APPEARING IN THE ADVERTISING TRADE JOURNALS.

Give and Take

Column Calumny

Orinda, Calif.—America is overlorded by a swarm of vociferous columnists who maliciously distort the truth.

The other night Dorothy Thompson, in her radio talk on Mussolini and King Victor Emmanuel, omitted that if it had not been for Mussolini, Italy would have become a Russian protectorate. The king and his family would likely have met the fate of the Russian imperial family.

She omitted that democratic Italy suffered the most humiliating defeat at the hands of the Ethiopians, that at Versailles the noble democracies of France and England forced democratic Italy to play the role of a beggar.

Before Mussolini took command, Italian cities were shamed by thousands of professional beggars. Southern Italy was at the mercy of the dreaded Mafia. Every spring swarms of organ-grinders from southern Italy invaded England.

This misery in Italy gladdened the heart of the average Anglo-Saxon, although it didn't that of King Victor Emmanuel. It was, however, Mussolini and not Victor Emmanuel who swept Italy of this shame.—*Frank Luis*

Scoop

New York, N. Y.—The article "Ethiopia Smolders" is a big scoop. Correspondents have been hovering around the edge of Ethiopia incognito and American papers have been fed on all sorts of reports from Port Said, Aden, Djibouti, London, Paris. Here is authentic information gathered at the real source. I believe it's the truth.—*Frank C. Hanighen*

Let's be pals

New York, N. Y.—Business was undoubtedly stimulated the last three years by excessive governmental expenditures—the dole, the bonus, and federal building operations—which continued the upward swing until six months ago. Since that time, faith on the part of business has given way to a fear that no favorable coöperation could be expected from the government.

Until there is a coalition of government, labor, and industry, I cannot see a correction of the most precipitous

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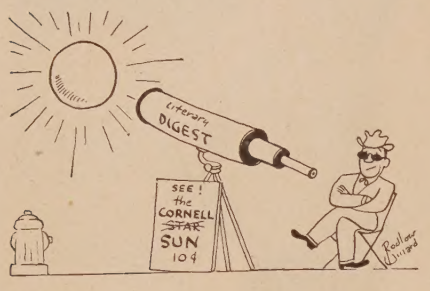
recession in this century. These forces are interdependent, and can solve the problem only by a harmonious relationship.—*David Joseph*

The sun also rises

Ithaca, N. Y.—You referred recently to the "pretty hoax" cooked up by the *Cornell Daily Star* in 1930, when it publicized the memorial dinner to Hugo N.



Fry (you go and fry). We are gratified that you retain our name among the general class of heavenly bodies, but we must inform you that your *Star* is *The Cornell Daily Sun.*

The question was considered settled in 1880, when the paper was founded. Then, as now, the paper was a morning publication. To have the *Star* rise every morning was asking too much; so the name *Cornell Sun* was chosen as more realistic.—*Justin Condon, '39, Cornell University*

Children's judge

Los Angeles, Calif.—LITERARY DIGEST is to be commended for its feature article, "Just Like the Movies," wherein are pictured the scratched faces of boys thus warned not to "snitch." It will stimulate discussion that should be as interesting as it is instructive.

Thomas Carlyle wrote about "the gregarious or sheeplike instinct in mankind to flock together and have a leader." This instinct in childhood always has had the first commandment of the gang: "Thou shalt not 'snitch.'" The commandment is as good as the instinct—provided it is understood. It is based on one of the noblest of human qualities—loyalty.

The difficulty is not with the commandment of the gang but with its use. If that is wrong, the wrong is due more to the older generation than to the younger. If we expect loyalty from youth to the family and the flag, we must expect it to show up in the gang.

I never permit a member of the gang, in my juvenile court experience, to "snitch" on the other fellow. I commend him for his loyalty; but I explain that it is misdirected loyalty, and proceed to show him how he can still be loyal to *his* law by coöperating with *our* law. So he tells on himself. This is square.

He goes to the other fellow and explains how square I have been as a judge. He carries my message of how fine it would be for every "guy" to be loyal to his country, without betraying his gang. One bad kid caught by the police has in this way brought the whole gang voluntarily to the juvenile court. One bandit caught has brought the whole gang to my chambers. Nobody "snitched."

These kids you portray in your article are perfectly normal boys. What we see are the signs of misdirected loyalty. When we understand what happened in "Just Like the Movies," we will not be so seriously disturbed as to call for the censor—although that might be necessary in certain cases. We will call for understanding and the use of the first quality in youth—loyalty. Boys are a bundle of human qualities, of which none is finer than loyalty.—*Ben B. Lindsey, Judge of the Superior Court, Los Angeles*

Many partisans make the whole

Salina, Kans.—Mr. Roosevelt has the faculty of generating reactions, either of extreme dislike or of extravagant adoration. A small group fears threatened mastery while a large group hopes for unearned benefits. Between these extremes is the host of small business people, independent farmers, home owners, and others who have given assistance and begged no favors, who regard Roosevelt as neither villain nor angel but who confess a lack of confidence in him.

Roosevelt is a composite combining egotism, opportunism, idealism, superior showmanship, with ambition, ability, versatility, determination and less of candor and consistency. Measures are espoused for their plausibility without being thought through. Dependence is placed more on cleverness and adroitness than on integrity.

Today's pronouncements are no guarantee of tomorrow's attitudes. Now he holds out an olive branch toward business, but behind his back he holds a bludgeon. Business progress awaits a stable condition founded on sanity.—*W. S. Wakefield*

Tugwelltown

Arlington, Va.—The relative merits of federal and private initiative in the housing problem have been discussed considerably. The example of federal housing has been Greenbelt, Maryland. Examples of private construction have been Colonial Village and Buckingham Village in Arlington county, Virginia.

Compared with the private projects, Greenbelt has been both slow and expensive. However, none of the comparisons has been complete. Greenbelt is not just another apartment house development, but is a town in itself, with ample space for expansion and small gardening.

Colonial Village has been developed to the utmost less than a half-mile from the boundary of the District of Columbia and in the midst of a densely populated suburban community. Completed in three years, it has no space for a single radish patch. For nearly two years, Arlington county had to provide police protection and school facilities for Colonial Villagers before a cent of taxes was collected.

Buckingham Village is being built in an open section. The county will be called upon to provide a new school. Here again there will be no room for amateur gardeners. The problems of parking and recreational space are future considerations. Valuable privately-held land cannot be wasted on the needs of children.

Unlike the private developments, Greenbelt was built with relief labor. The worker's need for employment was the first consideration at Greenbelt, his fitness, secondary. Relief labor is expensive, but employing these men at productive tasks is better than putting them on a straight dole.

At Colonial and Buckingham Villages the best labor-saving machinery has been used. Skilled workmen have been demanded. The fact that a man might have a hungry family is not sufficient to qualify him for work on either of these developments. Theirs has been a problem of efficiency for the benefit of investors, while Greenbelt, more expensive and more complete, has been built as a public service. Without profit the private developer must fail. But the government should not be censured simply because it has combined three jobs—building a town, building apartments, and providing relief. It is impossible to do three jobs as cheaply as one.—*Arthur H. Surprise*

Literary
DIGEST

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Literary DIGEST

ACME

DOWN WITH SILK STOCKINGS! When students from 150 universities met at Vassar College, girls tossed silk stockings on a bonfire in protest against Japanese aggression

Story of a Week

A FEW YEARS AGO Madame Fraya, French seeress, cast her necromantic glance over the world and predicted the fall of Alfonso XIII of Spain. He fell. Later she forecast the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia. He was assassinated.

At the turn of the century Professor Gustave Meyer, widely known astrologer of Hoboken, New Jersey, predicted a great dock fire in which ocean steamers would burn and hundreds would die. The ships burned; the people died. He said President McKinley would be slain by a crank. McKinley was slain by a crank.

Recently the French seeress and the Hoboken astrologer looked straight through the next twelve months. "The cause of cancer will be found," said Madame Fraya to the United Press. "Right," said Professor Meyer to the LITERARY DIGEST. "Chances of discovery are excellent."

"There will be war between the United States and Japan," said Madame Fraya. "Wrong," said Professor Meyer. "The United States will not get into war with Japan or any other country."

"Russia and Japan will fight and Japan will win," said Madame Fraya. "Not much chance of a fight, but if they do, Russia will give Japan an awful licking," countered Professor Meyer.

"The Duke of Windsor will take an interest in social problems," declared Madame Fraya. "The Duke of Windsor will have a devil of a time, no matter what he does," retorted the Hoboken astrologer. "He will have misfortune financially, domestically, physically."

"General Franco will win in Spain," concluded Madame Fraya. "The loyalists, not Franco, will win in Spain," Professor Meyer replied.

Someone once remarked: "It's difference of opinion that makes horse-racing."

THIS WEEK

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LITERARY DIGEST *receives special news service from United Press*

ROOSEVELT "tells them"

"I DO NOT propose to let the people down," President Roosevelt told Congress last week in concluding his message to the regular session. "I am sure that the Congress of the United States will not let the people down."

Then he turned to Bertrand H. Snell, Minority Leader of the House. "Bert," he said, "as they used to say on the East Side of New York, that wasn't esking them, that was telling them."

The President's message touched on a variety of problems, foreign and domestic. Specifically he proposed:

Foreign Relations: Though "there is a trend in the world away from the observance both of the letter and the spirit of treaties," we are determined "to respect the rights of others, and to command respect for the rights of ourselves. We must keep ourselves adequately strong in national defense." In the end

CURRENT OPINION: Leading Americans and the world press discuss Roosevelt's message

HIS VITAL message demonstrates his earnest desire to maintain our nation's peace and integrity in foreign affairs and domestic concerns. His unvacillating declaration marks the path along which industry, agriculture and labor must travel to stabilize and assure the best interests of the whole country. His statesmanlike words reflect the hopes and purposes of our people.—*Henry Horner; Governor of Illinois**

"I do not propose," the President solemly declares, "to let the people down." He already has let them down. More than ten millions of them are out of work largely because his policies, the policies he is still determined to maintain, are stifling private initiative and enterprise. It is the nation's unspeakable tragedy that the Roosevelt administration's war on business is to go on.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*

It is the most moderate, in tone, of any he has delivered.—*Denver Post*

The President's message was strong and progressive. It is an admirable restatement of the New Deal program and of the pressing need of fundamental readjustments to meet the complexities of the present economic and social order. It seeks the coöperation of business in making these necessary adjustments.—*Frank Murphy, Governor of Michigan**

There is no reassurance to business in the address.—*Kansas City Star*

The message analyzes our needs in challenging fashion. It evidences continued liberal and constructive leadership. His invitation to and offer of coöperation with business is reassuring and should be heartening to all.—*James V. Allred, Governor of Texas**

The President had much to say self-defensively about deceptions which will not long deceive. Unfortunately, he himself falls victim to delusions which will not much longer delude.—*Senator Arthur Vandenberg (Mich.)*

A very excellent message, certainly consistent with Mr. Roosevelt's objectives throughout his administration.—*Speaker William B. Bankhead (Ala.)*

Robert Jackson, Assistant Attorney General, thundered and denounced. Secretary Ickes bellowed and defied. President Roosevelt coos softly and gently invites coöperation. The orchestral effect may be sublime, depending upon one's musical sense, but the effect upon the logical mind is confusing.—*Omaha World-Herald*

On the whole the message is indicative of a Roosevelt who has turned to studying the problems that confront all of us. If he still has a great deal to learn, he is apparently willing to learn some of it.—*Dallas (Tex.)* News

It would have been better if there had been some specific recommendation to help us get away from the WPA dole.—*Senator Gerald Nye (N. Dak.)*

I am in hearty accord with his entire foreign policy. Governments in these days, and particularly democracies, must either depend on military alliances or upon their ability to defend themselves. Our citizens are absolutely and determinately opposed to military alliances in anticipation of wars. This makes it more necessary that the United States prepare to defend itself against probable military aggression.—*Senator Key Pittman, chairman, Foreign Relations Committee (Nev.)*

It is fortunate that there is such an eloquent and authoritative champion for the cause of freedom and decency in a world where every guilty conscience unloads its spleen on the ideals of democracy.—*London News Chronicle*

The tenor of this speech is the same as that of Chicago, which raised such false hopes in Great Britain. In the judgment expressed regarding political systems which differ from America's democratic system, the address seems remarkably arrogant.—*Allgemeine Zeitung (Berlin)*

Mr. Roosevelt insists on dividing the world into two parts, democracies and authoritarian regimes. We flatly reject Mr. Roosevelt's charges that authoritarian regimes are threatening the peace of the world.—*Giornale D'Italia (Rome)*

*** By Telegraph to the Literary Digest.**

"democracy will be restored or established in those nations which today know it not."

Crop Control: "I hope for a sound, consistent measure which will keep the cost of its administration within the figure of current government expenditures in aid of agriculture." The farmers, "under the principle of majority rule," must "decide, with the full knowledge of surpluses, scarcities, world markets and domestic needs, what the planting of each crop should be."

Wages and Hours: "The people of this country, by an overwhelming vote, are in favor of having the Congress—this Congress—put a floor below which industrial wages shall not fall, and a ceiling beyond which the hours of industrial labor shall not rise."

Budget: "The proposed budget for 1939 [the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1938] will exhibit a further decrease in the deficit, though not a balance between income and outgo." Government expenditures "cannot be cut much below seven billion dollars a year without destroying essential functions or letting people starve. That sum can be raised . . . if we can increase the nation's income" from $68,000,000,000 to $90,000,000,000, with "the resulting increase in tax receipts."

Relief: "We [will] continue the policy of not permitting any needy American who can and is willing to work to starve because the federal government does not provide the work."

Tax Revision: "The total sum to be derived by the federal treasury must not be decreased as a result of any changes in schedules." Abuses "designed to escape taxpaying . . . must not be restored. . . . We should rightly change certain provisions, where they are proven to work definite hardship, especially on the small business men."

Business: "Misuse of the powers of capital or selfish suspension of the employment of capital must be ended, or the capitalistic system will destroy itself through its own abuses." Only a "small minority" of business men have engaged "in practices which are dishonest or definitely harmful to society." Certain practices must be ended: "tax avoidance," "excessive capitalization," "price rigging," "cycles of overproduction within given industries and consequent recessions."

"Government can be expected to coöperate in every way with the business of the nation provided the component parts of business abandon practices which do not belong to this day and age, and adopt price and production policies appropriate to the times."

ALABAMA defeats Heflin

"ALABAMIANS know the story of the last decade of their lives," wrote the Montgomery *Advertiser* last fall in recalling Scottsboro, Hugo Black, and the appointment by Governor Graves of his wife to the United States Senate. "If after all that has gone in the last decade, Alabamians should now in a moment of sentimental weakness throw ex-Senator Tom Heflin into the teeth of mankind as its answer to the scornful criticism of an unsympathetic and ill-informed world, then God help Alabama."

Last week the *Advertiser* rejoiced when Congressman Lister Hill defeated Tom Heflin in the Democratic primary for

the Senate seat now occupied by Mrs. Graves. "Lister will serve better," said the *Advertiser*. "He is fairly predictable. Heflin is not. Hill has been sensible and well-poised; Heflin was not."

A 43-year-old veteran of fourteen years in the House of Representatives, where he was chairman of the Military Affairs Committee, Mr. Hill promised to "stand by the New Deal" and fulfill "the pledge of the Democratic party for human welfare and economic progress."

In the campaign Mr. Hill was supported by liberals and regular Democrats, including Governor Graves and Senator Bankhead, and by most of the state's newspapers. Mr. Heflin was supported by conservatives who wanted to rebuke the New Deal. "He may be clownish on occasions," said the Dothan *Eagle*, "but he is no rubber stamp."

ACME

WORRYING ROCK: Jerusalem has its wailing wall and Hapeville, Georgia, has a rock where the troubled are invited to leave their mental burdens. Governor E. D. Rivers (center) dedicated the worrying rock on New Year's Day

NOSE COUNT of jobless

"THE VOLUNTARY registration of totally unemployed, including emergency workers, was 7,822,912, of which 5,826,213 were males and 1,996,699 females." Thus Administrator John D. Biggers last week summarized the results of the nation-wide unemployment census taken by post card in November.

Mr. Biggers' report showed that 5,821,035 had recorded themselves as totally unemployed and that 2,001,877 worked for such emergency government projects as WPA, NYA, and CCC.

A breakdown by states showed unemployment registrations to be generally smaller in the Middle West than in other parts of the country. Iowa, with only 2.5 per cent of the population reporting themselves jobless, had the lowest proportion, followed by Vermont, North Carolina, and Arizona. Unemployment was greatest in the District of Columbia, where 7.7 per cent were without work. Rhode Island, Oregon, New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Washington were next in order.

"In order to appraise the completeness and accuracy of our voluntary registration," explained Mr. Biggers, he conducted also a door-to-door census covering 1½ per cent of the country's population, which showed that 72 per cent of the unemployed had turned in report cards. This percentage would indicate that 10,870,000 were actually unemployed. Not insisting on "probable accuracy" for either number, Mr. Biggers believes that the true figure is nearer 9,400,000.

Mr. Biggers recognized also the "obvious fact" that unemployment has increased since his count was made. "Unemployment shifts every day and it is impossible to take a single survey and say this is the condition to be met."

Editorial opinion as a rule doubted the usefulness of the census. "Necessarily unsatisfactory, just another estimate," said the Washington *Post*. "The reports add little to our knowledge of the problem," lamented the Hartford *Courant*.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* viewed results as demonstrating the failure of the New Deal: "After five years of governmental fooling with crackpot economic theories, five years of quack cure-alls, five years spent in tossing sixteen billions of the people's dollars to the four winds, more than ten million are still jobless."

Newspaper men, the New York *Daily Mirror* reported, asked Mr. Biggers how to find jobs for the ten million.

"I have no solution," he replied. "It is a gigantic problem, and one for President Roosevelt."

OUTSTANDING WOMAN OF 1937 was Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, according to radio listeners, with a 50 per cent vote, Dorothy Thompson was 2d; Madame Chiang Kai-shek 3d

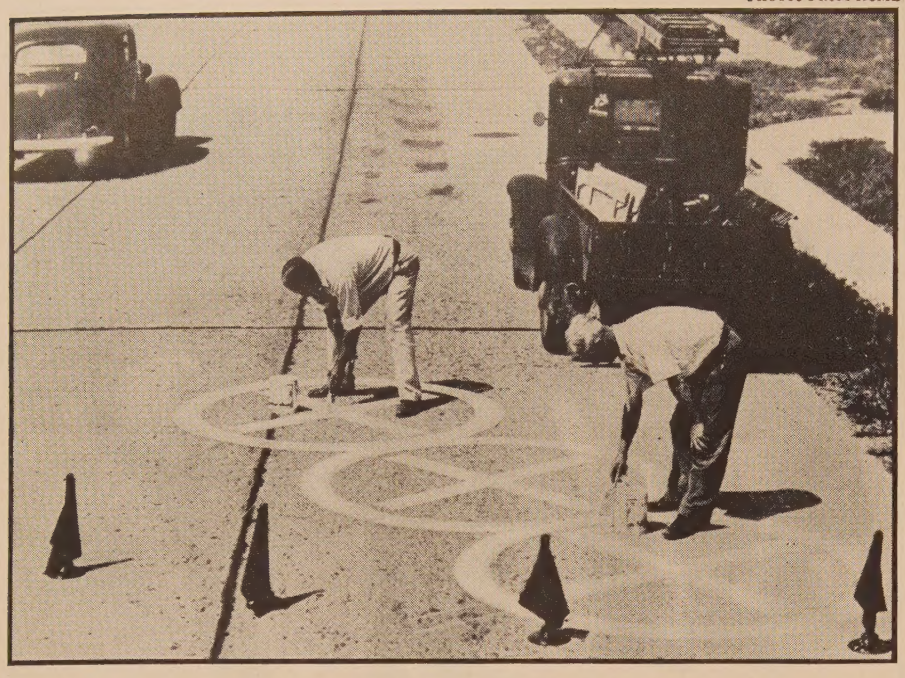
INTERNATIONAL

MONOPOLY under fire

LITTLE FUROR was created last October when President Roosevelt, calling a special session of Congress, asked it to put teeth in the laws against monopoly. But now, with Congress in regular session, the administration is fighting monopolies tooth and nail. Robert H. Jackson, Assistant Attorney General, is the leader of this campaign. Secretary of the Interior Ickes is his vehement second.

A little known corporation lawyer in Jamestown, western New York, in 1934, Mr. Jackson was appointed to the legal division of the Securities and Exchange Commission and later of the Internal Revenue Bureau. He was dubbed "Jack

PHOTOS FROM ACME



DEATH STRUCK HERE is the meaning of these white crosses painted on the highways near Allentown, Pennsylvania, in that city's campaign to reduce the number of automobile fatalities, which in 1937 rose to 40,000 for the country

the Giant-Killer" when he investigated Andrew W. Mellon for an alleged $3,000,000 deficiency in income taxes, though last month Mr. Mellon was posthumously exonerated.

"From this case," wrote the Philadelphia *Record,* "stemmed a Jackson-led drive against the citadels of concentrated wealth the like of which had never been witnessed before from an official of the government. Bob Jackson's 'big-game hunt' was on." A year ago he joined the Department of Justice as Assistant Attorney General in charge of anti-trust suits. He is now suing the Mellon-owned Aluminum Company of America, as well as alleged oil and telegraph monopolies.

So meteoric has been his rise that Frank Kent, Washington columnist for the Baltimore *Sun,* declares "politicians expect Mr. Jackson to be the Democratic candidate for Governor in New York next year, and, if successful, he may be favored by Mr. Roosevelt for the 1940 presidential nomination."

The New Deal, Mr. Jackson told the American Political Science Association in Philadelphia the other day, "set out a breakfast for the canary and let the cat steal it; it did not sufficiently guard recovery from the raids of the monopolist." In his opinion, monopoly, greedy for profits, raised prices above the buying power of the country. Production and employment accordingly were curtailed and the upshot was the present recession in business. In his own words, the recession is to be blamed on "aristocratic anarchy" which gives "imperial freedom of action" to our "great captains of industry." Hence, the government faces "the first general strike in America," a strike by big business against "political action which it fears and dislikes."

The day after Mr. Jackson's address, Secretary Ickes intensified the anti-monopoly crusade in an NBC broadcast. The United States, Mr. Ickes insisted, is facing "its first general sit-down strike" by "sixty families" controlling half the corporate wealth of the country. He saw danger in our "oppressive system of moneyed aristocrats, of corporate earls, of ducal economic-overlords," whose "tentacles reach their strangling length into every nook and cranny of the land."

Mr. Ickes condemned foes of the anti-

CURRENT OPINION: Monopoly talks by Jackson and Ickes face firing line of nation's comment

WITHIN four days the able and politically-ambitious Mr. Jackson made two speeches severely flogging big business. Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes pressed the point further. It looks like a Salem witch hunt all over again—but let us not forget that burning old crones never cured any cases of diphtheria.—*Franklyn Waltman in Washington Post*

This fight between so-called "big" business and the government is ruining small business, backbone of the country. If there are monopolies that exist contrary to law, our present anti-trust laws are sufficient to cope with them.—*Senator Frederick Van Nuys (Ind.)*

I am in hearty accord with the views on monopoly expressed by Mr. Jackson. I can see no recovery so long as private interests fix prices and deplete purchasing power.—*Senator Borah (Idaho)*

Mr. Jackson's speech makes it quite clear that the policy of this administration is that business shall be run through fear of punishment. That if it doesn't run that way, government will take its profits away through taxation to create purchasing power by sharing our wealth. It won't work. Nothing is more likely to deepen, intensify and prolong our suffering than such a speech as Mr. Jackson's and if there is anybody to be blamed for high prices and uncertainty, it is this government itself.—*General Hugh S. Johnson*

Mr. Jackson does not call for trust-busting. That tune went stale twenty years ago. But he does call for regulation of monopolies, and so do we.—*New York Post*

Secretary Ickes' speech is the last straw. The only thing that can save the country is for Congress to declare its independence from White House dictation.—*Representative Samuel B. Pettengill (Ind.)*

Mr. Ickes' speech was great because it told the truth. A combination of special interests and a very great majority of the daily press are united in an attempt to frighten the people.—*Senator George W. Norris (Neb.)*

What's this all about? As I interpret Ickes' speech, he said that "sixty families" are trying to gain control of the government, and I can't see where they have made any progress along that line. The administration has passed all the laws it wanted. What more are needed now?—*Senator Alva Adams (Colo.)*

If Mr. Ickes' speech means what I think it means—that the administration is going to fight the people's fight—I, like most of America, will be for him. —*Senator Elbert Thomas (Utah)*

Judging from the recent speeches by Mr. Jackson and Mr. Ickes, the current struggle seems to be one between politicians on the one hand, and the corporations on the other. If either wins, the people will lose.—*Senator Burton Wheeler (Mont.)*

If there are such monopolistic offenders as suggested by Mr. Jackson and Mr. Ickes, why are they tried on the radio and not in court? Such general accusations will not hasten recovery and bring jobs to men who need them.—*National Association of Manufacturers*

monopoly campaign for breaking into "a very fury of denunciation." Mr. Ickes, in turn, was condemned precisely for breaking into "a very fury of denunciation." Some of the views on both sides appear on page 6.

RECESSION? yes and no

"THE economic recession," said Homer Martin, president of the United Automobile Workers, the other day, "has made it necessary for us to consider drastic cuts in personnel." Hence, the union's staff of organizers will be slashed.

At approximately the same time, the United States Chamber of Commerce reported that "the low point of the business recession has been reached" and industrial production again can proceed.

Thus pessimism and optimism over the business crisis seesawed in various parts of the country. In Michigan 30,000 workers for General Motors were idle while the remaining 205,000 employees were working only 3 days a week. "We tried to keep all the men in our plants working," President William S. Knudsen told the Associated Press, "but business got so bad that we could not continue to do it." In Louisiana, however, the State Employment Service said that "no indication of layoffs has been noticed."

The slump in the automobile industry in Michigan will be short-lived, according to Norman T. Farr, editor of the *Michigan Manufacturer,* who declares that, while "current business in the industry is at the lowest point for 1938 models, gradual recovery is looked for in the spring. Executives believe pent-up buying power will be released after March."

A similar note of optimism was sounded the other day by the American Federation of Labor. In its monthly survey of business it declared that "the recession which began in September is nearing the bottom" and that "new orders are at last beginning to appear in a few lines." It added that, though "more than a million jobs have been lost in industry since last September," the total income of industrial workers in November was above 1936 by $100,000,000. For this, said the A. F. of L., higher wages were responsible.

On the other hand, Clarence Kammerer, supervisor of the St. Louis district of the Missouri State Employment Service, reported during the week that "applications for jobs during the past two weeks have increased 30 per cent." And President Russell T. Fisher of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers declared in Boston: "It appears certain that for the first three months of this year employment in northern cotton mills will be below that for the corresponding period of 1937."

While the Philadelphia *Record* reported that 521,573 Pennsylvanians were on relief in December—the largest number in the past sixteen months—WPA rolls of many other states remained unaffected by the business situation. Representative Edward T. Taylor of Colorado, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, says there is no thought of increasing relief expenditures. "I am not so sure as to what this recession will mean in terms of unemployment," he said. "I am not sure it isn't purely psychological. We certainly aren't at any emergency point right now. The situation seems under control of relief authorities with their present appropriations. It is ridiculous to build appropriation bridges unless we find a river to cross."

SILK STOCKING boycott

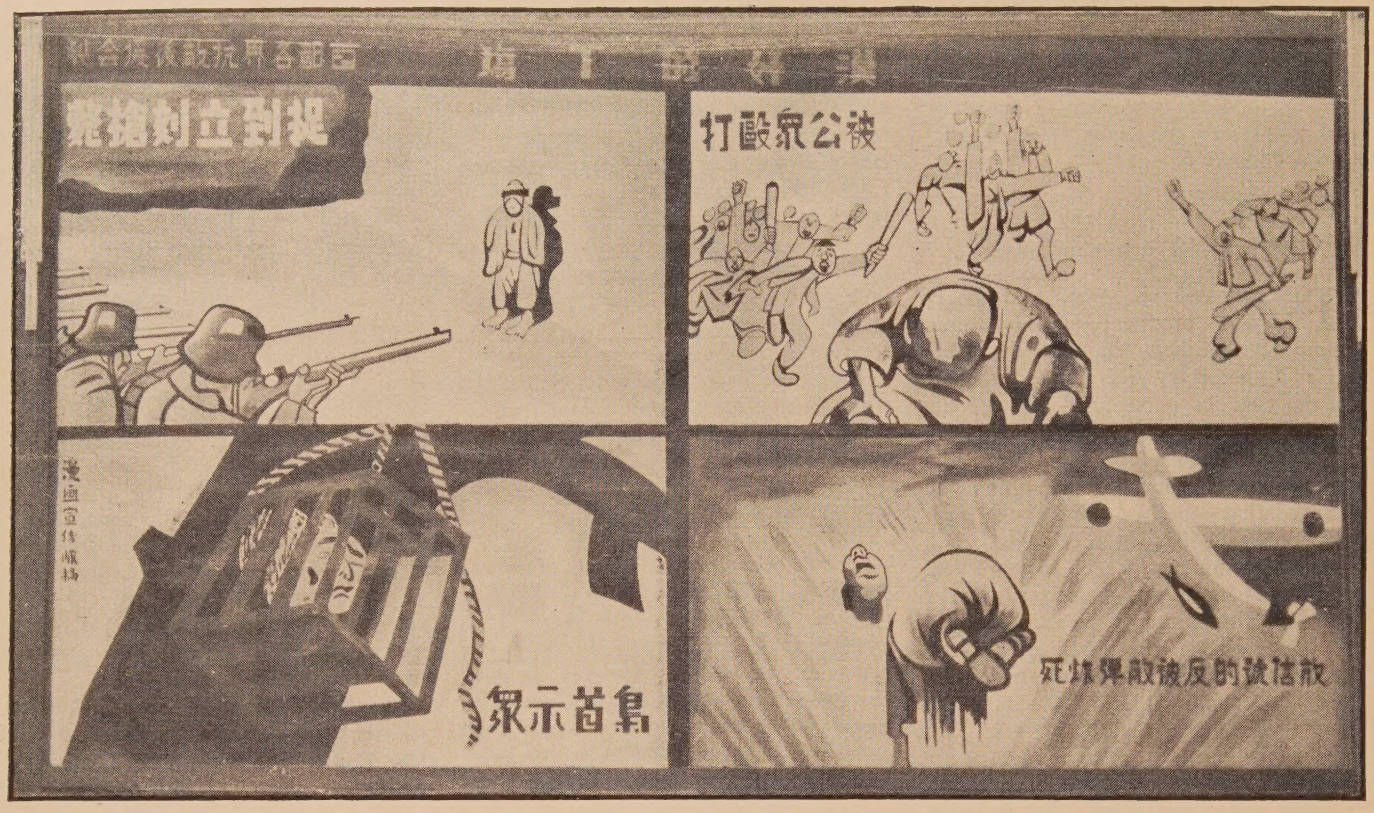
A FEW years ago Koki Hirota, Japanese Foreign Minister, sent a friendly note to Secretary of State Hull. "It is a matter of gratification to both our countries," he wrote, "that they are good customers of each other's products." In recent weeks, however, Americans have given the Japanese little cause for gratification. Protesting against Japan's invasion of China, many of them have ceased to be "good customers."

In Pittsburgh, recently, thousands of noonday shoppers were halted by girl pickets and asked to boycott Japanese goods. "Silk in your stockings means murder for the Chinese," read the pickets' signs. In Cleveland, said the *Plain Dealer,* hundreds of men and women paraded down Euclid Avenue with banners bearing the slogan: "Save China with an American boycott." In Seattle business men warned the Japanese consul that they would stay out of his country's market until Japan gets out of China.

As a result of the boycott, the Woolworth and Kresge chain stores recently announced that they were "buying no more goods in Japan," though R. R. Williams, Kresge vice-president, noted that "boycotts called suddenly against Japanese merchandise actually are boycotts against American merchants and not against Japanese exporters, who already have received their money."

Opinions differed last week as to the effect of the boycott. President Green of the A. F. of L. predicted that it would mean "an early termination of the war

ANTI-JAPANESE demonstrations are not confined to the United States. Mrs. Jocelyn Lousada, daughter of A. P. Herbert, M. P., whose bill for divorce has gone into effect, recently led boycott advocates through the streets of London



FATE OF A TRAITOR: Chinese posters in Nanking tell the story. 1 (*upper right*)—He is pursued by a Chinese mob. 2 (*lower right*)—He is exposed to the bombs from a Japanese airplane. 3 (*upper left*)—He is executed by a firing squad. 4 (*lower left*)—His head is exhibited in a cage

against China." Freda Utley, in the pamphlet, *China Faces Japan,* declared that "a boycott of Japanese goods by the United States and Great Britain would almost certainly tip the scales in favor of China." The American Council-Institute of Pacific Affairs, however, held that "boycott of miscellaneous Japanese products could succeed only to a limited degree."

To put a real dent in Japan's export trade to the United States, said the Washington *Post,* "it is not enough to refrain from purchasing Japanese knickknacks, toys and curios. Japan's largest export to the United States is raw silk. The real power of the boycott will be measured by the extent to which the Japanese find their raw silk market in this country curtailed by popular decision."

"The principal thing is for the women to quit wearing stockings made of Japanese silk," said Senator Norris of Nebraska. "Of course, cotton stockings are in no way as attractive. Nevertheless, if I were not so old (he is 76) I would start a national organization of young men to boycott every girl who wears silk that comes from Japan."

"But," argued the Milwaukee *Journal,* "boycotting of Japanese trade can have a kickback on America itself. Suppose that women decide to wear only lisle hosiery because silk comes from Japan. That, said the American Federation of Hosiery Workers, would throw three-fourths of the hosiery workers of the United States out of jobs because of the demonstrated greater durability of lisle."

Earl Constantine, managing director of the National Association of Hosiery Manufacturers, also saw the boycott as a two-edged sword. "The largest consumer of Japanese silk in America is the hosiery industry," he told the LITERARY DIGEST last week. "This silk is used almost entirely in ladies' stockings. The average pair retails today at 85 cents. Of the 85 cents, not more than 10 cents gets to Japan. The remaining 75 cents reflects American ingenuity, capital and, principally, labor. A boycott on the silk stocking, therefore, results in injury to 75 American cents in an effort to injure 10 Japanese cents."

Nevertheless, a group of undergraduates at Johns Hopkins Medical School at Baltimore are refusing to go out with nurses who wear silk stockings. And students danced around a bonfire on the snow-covered campus of Vassar College at Poughkeepsie the other day and threw their silk stockings into the flames.

CHANGE in China

GENERALISSIMO Chiang Kai-shek resigned as Premier of China last week to give all his time to fighting the war with Japan. He was succeeded by his brother-in-law, the financial expert Dr. H. H. Kung. Chiang and Kung are married to sisters of China's bright and influential Soong family. A third sister is the widow of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, Chinese "George Washington," who died in 1925.

Many Chinese say the changes bring the conservatives into greater prominence, disproving rumors that the government is taking on a radical complexion.

General Chiang promptly divided China into seven war zones, and made the able General Pai Chung-hsi his second-in-command. General Pai is 46. Somehow, the Japanese rather admire him as he fights them. Thus the Japanese Osaka *Mainichi* declares: "Pai is a good general and may find a way to profit by the present Sino-Japanese conflict. His past record of suppressing communists in the Shanghai area may stand him in good stead in making an approach to Japan. . . . With the wane of Chiang Kai-shek's influence, the top command of the Chinese army will pass eventually into the hands of Pai."

According to foreign estimates, there are now ninety divisions of 10,000 men each in the Chinese army, with another eighty divisions, similarly constituted, in training and reserve. Chinese casualties so far are put at a cool million.

DIVORCE a la Herbert

IN DECEMBER, 1935, A. P. Herbert, M.P., author of the powerful English novel, *Holy Deadlock,* rose in Parliament and said: "I intend to introduce a measure removing the indecent, hypocritical, cruel and unjust marriage laws of this country."

His measure, fought by Church of England die-hards but supported by liberal Anglicans and Nonconformists, finally was passed last July to become effective January 1, this year. When the

vote was counted, Mr. Herbert exclaimed: "I am a proud man. My greatest ambition is realized. Divorce is a release from misfortune and not a crime."

His achievement is the new Matrimonial Causes Act, which extends legal grounds for divorce in Great Britain. Heretofore, as in New York State, the sole legal ground was adultery. Under Mr. Herbert's measure other grounds have been added: cruelty, desertion, incurable insanity, unnatural offenses and willful non-consummation of marriage. Under the new law, divorce may not be sought until after three years of marriage, but courts are permitted to waive this provision in cases of "exceptional hardship or exceptional depravity."

"The measure does not go the whole way," said the liberal Manchester *Guardian*. "It does not go so far as its promoter [Mr. Herbert] had intended. But it goes a considerable distance—far enough to justify the statement that many people regard it as the most important measure for better or worse of the whole parliamentary session."

Alan Patrick Herbert, M.P., 47, sponsor of the act, is a keen humorist. On the staff of London's famous *Punch*, he is the author of novels, plays and sundry bits of satire. He is the august President of the Black Lion Skittles Club. He also enjoys sailing, lawn tennis and the piano.

In the World War Mr. Herbert was wounded while fighting on the western front and also served with distinction at Gallipoli. In Parliament he is an independent, representing his alma mater, Oxford University.

WAR by radio

"THE EMPIRE of the English is decadent! The British fleet is a museum piece! British Foreign Secretary Eden is a clown in the hands of the Freemasons!" So shouted one Italian propagandist from the radio station, IBA1, strategically located at Bari in southern Italy on the Adriatic Sea.

The assertions were typical of Italy's anti-British radio war, launched during Mussolini's Ethiopian campaign in 1935, and continued to the present. Delivered in purest Arabic, the Bari short-wave radio programs are designed to influence the millions of Arabic-speaking natives of North Africa and the Near East.

On several occasions Britain has protested to the Italian government about the talkative Bari station. Last July, therefore, Mussolini announced that anti-British broadcasts in Arabic would be halted, and Bari quieted for a time. Then it resumed operations.

So that now, declared Lieutenant Reginald Fletcher in the British House of Commons, Italy has "become the poison pen of Europe and poisons the whole of the world of international relations." He presented a report which indicated that Mussolini was giving away radio sets to proprietors of Arab cafés in the Near East.

On January 3 the British Broadcasting Corporation, its lion's tail twisted sufficiently, inaugurated a series of daily "news" broadcasts in Arabic. Chief Commissioner Reilly of Aden, and the ministers of Saudi Arabia and Iraq headed the list of speakers, who performed amid impressive ceremony.

The London *Times* backs BBC officials in their denial that the programs will constitute a counteroffensive. "What the British Broadcasting Corporation is setting out to do with the good wishes of the nation," said the *Times*, "is to ensure that straightforward accounts of news available to the British people shall be available to other peoples."

Paul Ward, London correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, reported: "The BBC expects the Treasury to allot a million dollars as a starter and subsequently to enlarge the appropriation for foreign-language broadcasts. It hopes, too, that in time the government will help to install a more powerful transmitter."

RIGHT TURN in Romania

"GOGO AND GAGA"—as Bucharest café wits twittingly call Octavian Goga and Alexander Cuza—are the leaders of the new National Christian party government in Romania. In an atmosphere of feverish political activity, King Carol made the poet-politician Goga premier, and the 81-year-old Professor Cuza minister without portfolio. Educated abroad, Cuza was the first European to use the swastika emblem for a political party.

The new government is a minority one. Its purposes, cabled G. E. R. Gedye, New York *Times* correspondent in eastern Europe, are "extreme anti-Semitism, anti-democratic anti-parliamentarianism, adherence to the Fascist bloc in foreign affairs, close alliances with Italy and Germany, breaking off relations with Russia at the earliest opportunity and the gradual separation of Romania from France."

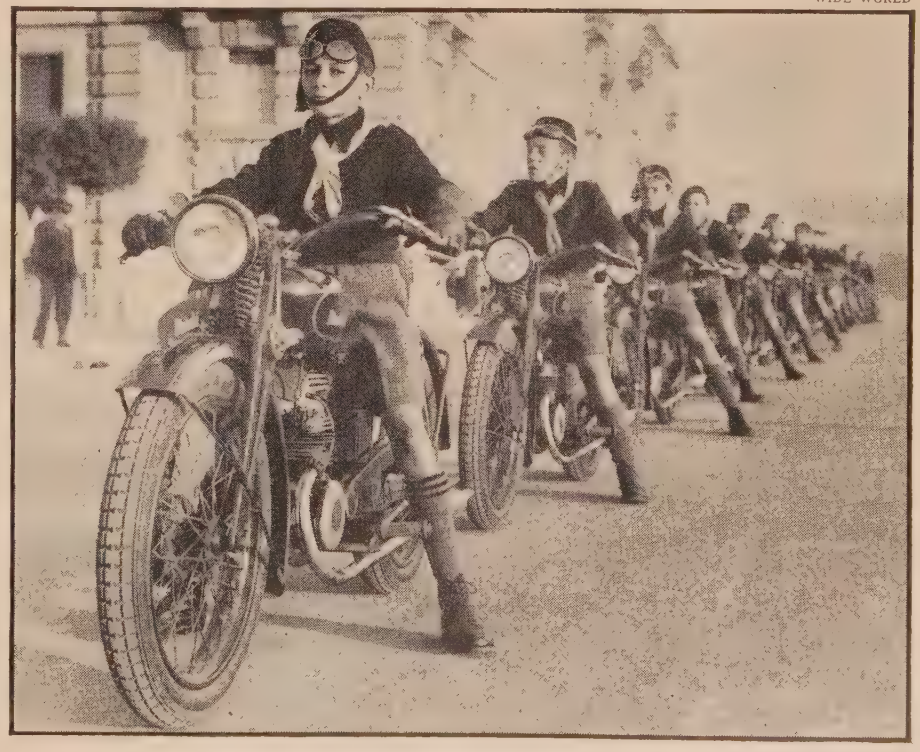
In the recent national elections, the new regime won only 9 per cent of the votes; its deputies in Parliament number only 39 out of a total of 387; and it is supported by none of the other parties. Thus, it seemed to Mr. Gedye that Goga's appointment "leaves the country in a state of political chaos." The chaos results from a bitter fight, long raging in the country's politics, between the pro-French democrats (mainly peasants) and the pro-German nazis (mainly city people).

The first move of the new regime was strongly toward the Right. The party in power immediately posted 61,000 of its armed, blue-shirted "Lancers" throughout the country to stifle protests. Three leading democratic newspapers were promptly suppressed, and anti-Semites were placed in high positions to further the National Christians' campaign against Jews. Decrees were handed down which forbade Jews to own land, and deprived all Jews naturalized after 1920 of their Romanian nationality.

"We have no hate of any kind toward Jews," declared Premier Goga in a telephone interview with the London *Evening Standard*. "But," he continued, "we

ARMY TRAINING STARTS AT 6 in Italy with the Sons of the Wolf, aged 6 to 8. Boys from 8 to 14 form the Ballila, a motorcycle division of which is shown below; then comes the Avanguardista which leads directly into the Italian army

WIDE WORLD



EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST PHOTO FROM EUROPEAN

527 YEARS is the aggregate age of this family group of four sisters and three brothers, who live in Altheim, Germany, and neighboring villages. The oldest is 87 and the youngest 65 years old

are determined to rid industry, commerce and the professions of the foreign monopoly which has pushed aside our own nationals. . . . There are 1,500,000 Jews in Romania out of a population of 18,000,000. Now I intend to clear them out and reëstablish Romanians in their jobs."

One of the first reported about to clear out was Mme. Magda Lupescu, the red-headed, plump, good-looking, Jewish-born sweetheart of King Carol. She was reported packed and ready to leave for "a long vacation" in the south of France.

FASCISM looks at Ludlow

THE PROPOSED Ludlow amendment to the United States Constitution strips Congress of the power to declare war—except in case of actual invasion—until the people approve such action in a national referendum. The suggestion moves Fascist Italy to sarcastic mirth, and American opposition to it makes Italy's grin the wider.

Thus Mussolini's newspaper, the *Popolo d'Italia* of Milan, analyzes the proposed amendment, and the opposition to it, as follows in an editorial attributed to Il Duce himself: "There is or there is not democracy. . . . Why does not the great United States democracy, which describes itself as the most civilized in the world, permit the world's freest citizens to have their say on peace or war? Signor Ludlow is right. If everything must emanate from the popular will, how can an event like war, which affects the lives of millions of men and the future of a nation, be kept from such a will? It is here that the sovereign people should make itself felt."

"However," said the Fascist-minded *Popolo,* "democracy is false and its principles are applicable only to ordinary, and not extraordinary, contingencies of life." It concluded that the "democratic" American electorate is, in reality, "a plaything in the hands of plutocrats, capitalists, secret societies, and political castes which exploit it."

"HOT WATER" in hot water

"CENTERS of vice!" said President Lazaro Cardenas of Mexico a few days ago, as his socialistic government seized the popular resort buildings of Aguascalientes, a $10,000,000 oasis built by Americans during Prohibition and much patronized by wet Yankees during the dry era. "I propose to defend our interests to the fullest extent!" said Baron Long, head of the American syndicate, as he threatened to protest to Washington.

Aguascalientes ("Hot Waters") is situated a few miles below the less ornamental Tia Juana ("Aunt Jane") on the California border, and contains a big hotel, casino, bungalows, golf course, and a $4,000,000 race-track. It has been a favorite refuge for Hollywood movie stars.

"The history of the resort was one of vicissitude," reports the United Press. "First came the depression to reduce spending. Then the United States repealed prohibition and Mexican bars were no longer a novelty. Next came a Mexican reform that abolished gambling in the border states and closed the casino. Aguascalientes waned in popularity, finally was closed and grew up in weeds. This year the American syndicate had made energetic plans to reopen it."

Under Mexican law no individual or corporation may own more than 247 acres of irrigated land. The leftist Mexican Department of Education now gets the buildings for industrial schools, "in line with tendencies of the revolution to convert centers of looseness into places of social significance." The Mexican government has agreed to reimburse the American syndicate within 10 years.

PEOPLE of a week

Birth—To *Mr. and Mrs. Vittorio Mussolini,* a son, Guido. This was the second time in ten days that Premier Benito Mussolini had been presented with a grandson. His daughter, Countess Edda Mussolini Ciano, gave birth to her third son, Marzio, December 18.

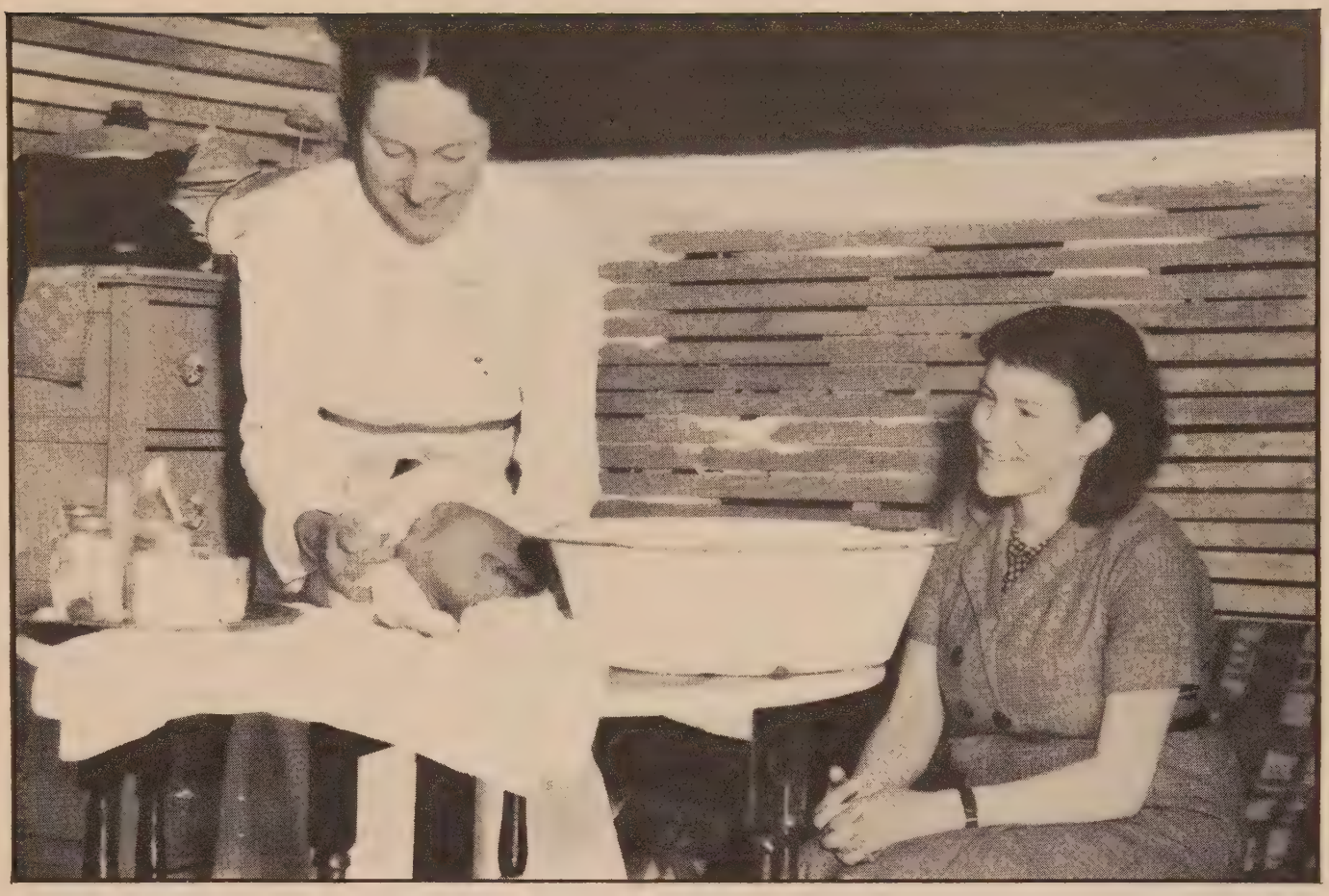
Engagements—*Grand Duchess Kira Kirilowna,* daughter of Grand Duke Cyril, pretender to the Russian throne, and *Prince Louis Ferdinand,* second son of the former German Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm and Crown Princess Cecilie, bringing together the throneless royal houses of Romanov and Hohenzollern.

Birthdays—*Carter Glass,* senior United States Senator from Virginia, his eightieth. The former Secretary of the Treasury, in good health, observed the occasion quietly. . . . *Alfred Emanuel Smith,* former Governor of New York and Democratic presidential candidate in 1928, his sixty-fourth. . . . *Sir James Frazer,* English author of *The Golden Bough,* one of the world's outstanding anthropological studies, his eighty-fourth.

Appointment—*George D. Brooke,* 59, thirty-five years a railroad man, as president of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, succeeding W. J. Harahan, who died December 14.

Retirement—*General Douglas MacArthur,* former Chief of Staff, United States Army, and since October, 1935, Field Marshal of the Philippine Commonwealth, from active service in the U. S. Army. Ending his thirty-four years in Uncle Sam's service, General MacArthur will continue his two-year task of building a powerful Philippine defense force at the behest of President Manuel Quezon.

Deaths—*Don Marquis,* 59, beloved American humorist, dramatist and poet, former newspaper man who created the characters "archy the cockroach" and "mehitabel the alley cat." . . . *Maurice Ravel,* 62, one of the best known modern French composers. His "Bolero" is still a favorite of music lovers the world over. . . . *Edward H. Armstrong,* 57, five times Mayor of Daytona Beach, Florida, who attracted nation-wide attention in December, 1936, when he forcefully resisted proceedings of Governor Dave Scholtz to oust his wife from office, after she had been appointed his successor.



SOCIAL SECURITY begins at the beginning when federal funds are used for maternal and child health. More than 2500 public health nurses advise rural mothers

Why Do They Die?

HERE ARE the figures, though you have seen them before. They are for 1935, the latest available.

Mothers who died in childbirth in one year: 14,296. A mother dies in childbirth every 37 minutes in this country.

Babies stillborn: 77,119. A baby is born dead somewhere in this country every seven minutes.

Babies dead in the first month of life: 56,262. A less-than-month-old baby dies in this country every eight minutes.

Altogether, 147,677 mothers and babies dead in one year—a "good" year, by the way. More than the whole population of Scranton, Pennsylvania, or Springfield, Massachusetts. More such deaths in one year than from cancer or tuberculosis. More than from automobile accidents. More than from any other cause except heart disease.

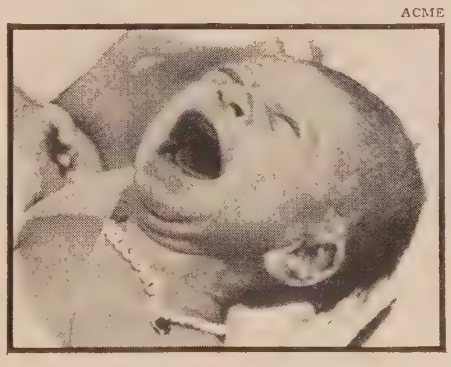
Most of them could have been saved. Most of them died because we did not care enough to save them.

As a nation we cared enough to stamp out smallpox, diphtheria, tuberculosis, typhoid fever, and a host of other diseases. After the mothers die, we care enough about their orphaned children (there are some 35,000 left motherless yearly through childbirth deaths) to support institutions for them.

But we let mothers and babies go right on dying. You have seen the figures before, because they have been almost the same figures for twenty years. True, we have cut the death-rate a little. We used to lose a mother in childbirth every half hour instead of every 37 minutes. But the number of babies who die on the first day of life is just what it was in 1916. Giving birth and getting born are still more dangerous here than in almost any other civilized country.

AGE, ONE MINUTE, this arrival in Buffalo wears its name in beads

ACME



Why do they die—these 147,677 mothers and babies?

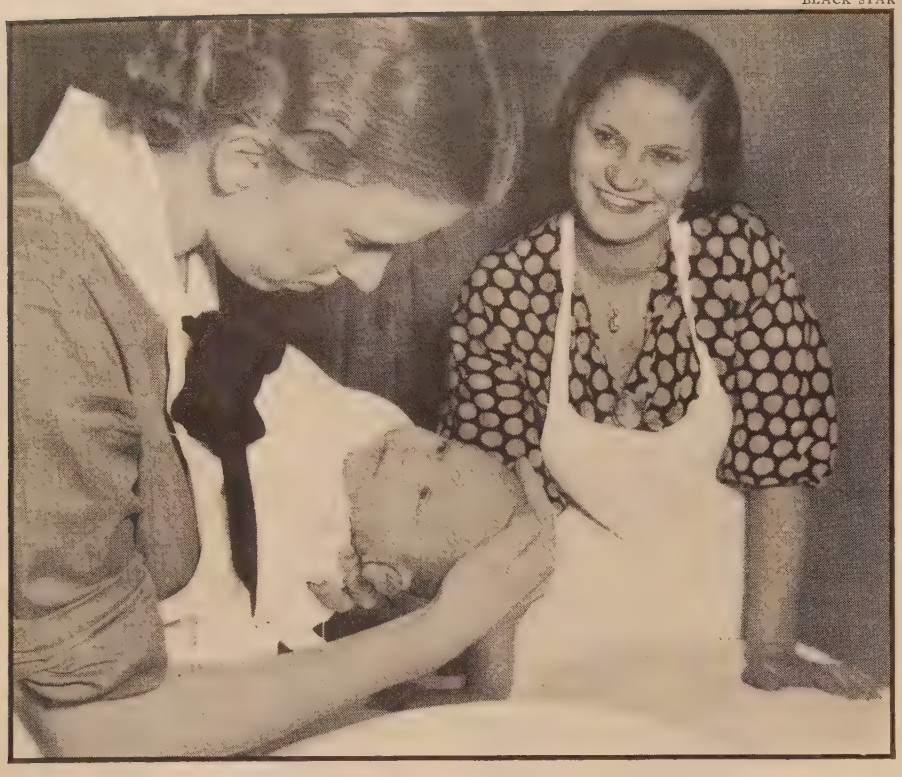
Some die because mothers have no care whatever when their babies arrive. Surgeon General Thomas Parran, Jr., estimates that 40,000 mothers each year bear children with no one in attendance.

Some die because, through isolation or poverty or ignorance, they have only the help of a midwife. Hazel Corbin, general director of the Maternity Center of New York, estimates that 237,000 babies were delivered in 1936 by midwives.

Do you know what a midwife does at a childbirth?

A few give safe and intelligent care to mother and baby. But in the whole United States there is only one school

BLACK STAR



LESSONS IN MOTHERHOOD are taught to young mothers by the visiting nurses of the settlements in the larger cities. Today's assignment is the baby's bath

for training midwives—the Lobenstine Clinic conducted by the Maternity Center Association. In contrast to the relatively few skilled midwives, there are some 30,000 ignorant, untrained women practicing midwifery today. Some of them, the safest, do little at a childbirth but "set and wait."

Others, the dangerous ones, attempt manual dilation; grease the birth canal to help the baby slide out; administer dirt dauber's tea to relieve pain; put infant's urine in the baby's sore eyes, or give the newly born a pork rind to suck.

Do you wonder that mothers and babies die?

One midwife boasted of her scientific prowess thus:

"T'ree years ago I bot me a pair of bran' new scissors an' before I evah used 'em I biled 'em good for four hours, and I ain't nevah had to sturilize 'em since."

To say "abolish the midwives" is easy. The 237,000 women who in 1936 had only the assistance of these toothless, ignorant, granny women at childbirth would have chosen better medical care if they could have gotten it. But as one puzzled health officer graphically remarked: "If I take away Aunt Mary's license to practice, who will take care of those women at Five Corners?" The shocking fact is that for them there is no safe maternity care—yet.

A public health nurse, working in the rural areas of Colorado, reported to the Bureau last spring: "About 30 per cent of our prenatal patients live far enough from town to be inaccessible in winter except by skis or sleds. Many rural areas have no telephones. I know of one community, with a population of about 300, which is fifteen miles from a railroad and fifty-five miles from a doctor."

Let us look for a moment at the medical causes of death among mothers and babies, and see what physicians say about their preventability.

Infections—just plain uncleanliness—were the greatest cause of maternal deaths in 1935. They killed 41 per cent of the mothers who died. Dr. Martha M. Eliot, of the Children's Bureau, says of infections: "They are nearly always preventable" with proper care on the part of mother, doctor, and nurse.

Toxemias—the accumulation of poisons in the mother—killed 22 per cent of the mothers who died in 1935, the chief of these being eclampsia, or, to the layman, convulsions. Dr. Eliot says: "Eclampsia is preventable to a large degree by means of adequate prenatal care."

Hemorrhage, third on the list, killed 11 per cent of the mothers who died in 1935. Dr. Eliot says: "Hemorrhage cannot always be prevented, but when it occurs, immediate and proper treatment and transfusion of blood when indicated lessen the danger of a fatal outcome."

To what extent these causes of death are preventable is vividly indicated in recent studies. In New York City, physicians estimate that 66 per cent of the mothers need not have died. In Philadelphia, they estimate that 57 per cent could have been saved. In a group of seven cities on the Pacific coast, 68 per cent of the maternal deaths are needless, physicians say, and in Birmingham almost 80 per cent of the mothers who died could, with proper care, have been saved.

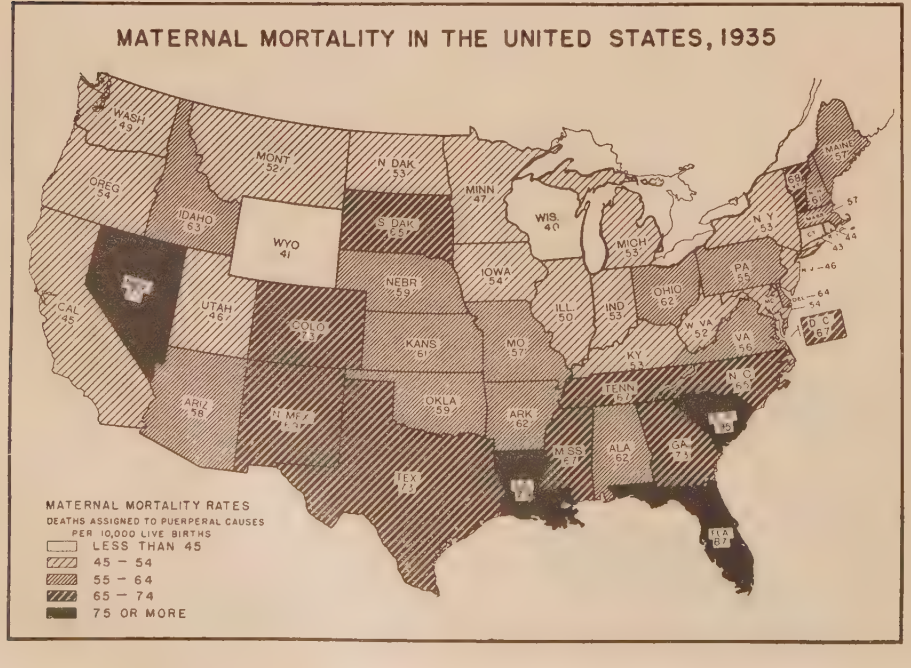
They know that these women could be saved because, in restricted areas where women have had proper maternity care, the death-rate has been slashed 60, 70, even 80 per cent.

Why, then, do we let them go on dying?

Chiefly, because public opinion has not been mobilized. At the Children's Bureau, and among social and medical welfare groups, the answer is always the same: "We can cut the maternal death toll when enough people demand it."

And here is where the silver lining in this story begins to filter through. Public opinion is now being mobilized to save mothers and babies—a campaign on a

MORTALITY MAP shows the maternal mortality in different states. The rate for the whole country is the shocking one of 60 maternal deaths per 10,000 live births



national scale. It must be on a national scale. To insure proper training in obstetrics for physicians and nurses, to educate mothers to the necessity of proper maternity care, to subsidize, if you will, physicians and nurses so that they can afford to take care of the women at Five Corners—these are jobs too great for the individual community but not too great if the communities, the states, and the federal government work together.

That is exactly what is being done. Under an obscure clause of the Social Security Act of 1935, a federal appropriation of $3,800,000 was made to begin the fight for better maternity care. Most of it is distributed on the grants-in-aid basis. As a result, there is now a maternal and child-health program, with a physician in charge, functioning in every state in the Union and in the District of Columbia, Alaska, and Hawaii. More than 2500 public health nurses are paid in part or in full from these funds to advise and assist mothers with babies, and local physicians are being paid to conduct prenatal and child-health conferences. In North Carolina alone, 128 prenatal clinics were set up in 1936.

This is a beginning, but so far only half a loaf. Physicians know that prenatal care and advice is important if you are to keep mothers from dying; but unless mothers get proper care when the baby is born, all prenatal care and advice may be useless. It is at birth that infections set in, with their 41 per cent death toll. Any effective program for cutting the maternal death-rate must therefore include attendance at childbirth.

But that would cost money. If we were embarking on a serious campaign to save the mothers, it would take more than $3,800,000. We spend almost that much annually to conserve wild life. We have spent more than four times that much to prevent cholera in hogs. We spend forty-three times that much annually for federal roads.

Any way you look at it, $3,800,000 is not adequate. There will be more than 2,000,000 babies born in this country this year. Half of them will be born into families with an income below the subsistence level; that is, below $1250 a year. One-fourth of them will be born to families on relief. If you apportion the federal appropriation among this underprivileged half, it amounts to only $3.80 per mother and baby. Public health workers believe that it will take ten times that much to cope with the problem adequately: at least $30 per mother and baby. States are matching federal funds to augment the total. Moreover, it is strongly backed by public opinion, which is a large part of the battle.

It comes down to this: If we are to supplant Aunt Mary at Five Corners the mothers themselves must help through knowledge of the needs of healthy motherhood; the community must help by providing care for those who cannot afford it or to whom it is inaccessible; physicians must help by employing the best available methods in obstetrics and pediatrics.

It is with such a program in mind that representatives of physicians, nurses, civic, social welfare, labor and other groups are coming together for the Conference on Better Care for Mothers and Babies, in Washington on January 17, under auspices of the Children's Bureau.

That it will raise cries of "socialized medicine" is almost inevitable. But, to quote Dorothy Dunbar Bromley in the New York *World-Telegram:* "If we are going to begin to approach the low death-rate of Norway and Sweden—between 2 and 3 maternal deaths per 1000 live births (as compared with 6 per 1000 here)—we must have competent doctors for women in all parts of the country.

"Government must assume a new responsibility, and the medical profession must modify its rugged individualism and coöperate with government."

—*Isabelle Keating*

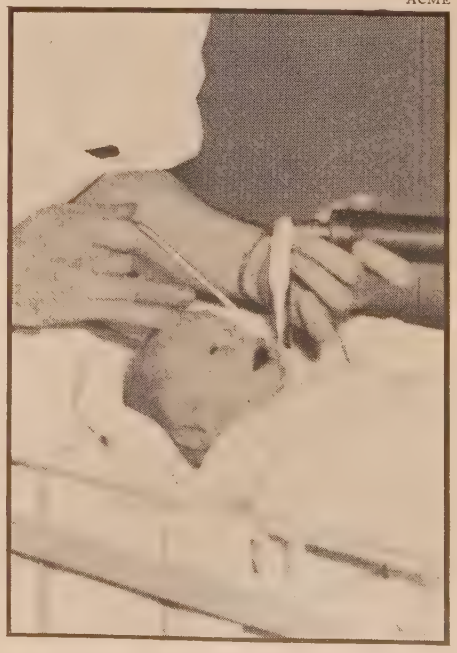
BLACK STAR

MOTHERS' CLUB in Harlem, New York, receives instructions on prenatal care, which may prevent toxemia, one of the main causes of maternal death

FOOTPRINT serves to identify newborn baby in an Atlanta hospital

DEAD 15 MINUTES, apparently, this baby was revived in Jersey City

ACME



Reading Around the World

a timely digest of the best in print and on the air

SUICIDE BOATS

from "Los Angeles Times"

WHEN the next war breaks out, Uncle Sam will need several hundred super-patriots—a Battalion of Death whose chances of surviving an engagement with the enemy will be about as bright as those of a doomed man as the door to the lethal chamber swings shut.

These desperate spirits will be needed to man Uncle Sam's projected "suicide boat" flotilla.

The "suicide boat" is a small, speedy sea sled carrying a single huge torpedo beneath its inverted V-shaped hull. It is designed to release its war-head directly at the quarry's armored side, then whirl about in a mad bid for safety. Its chances of returning to port from its mission are so slight that the title "suicide boats" proves apt.

Bringing substance to long-persistent rumors that the United States Navy was planning to supplement its orthodox surface and air fleets with a flotilla of the new, sensational weapons, Assistant Secretary of the Navy Charles Edison has just announced that two experimental boats designed for speeds of fifty miles an hour are to be built immediately.

"Suicide boats" have twice the speed of conventional warcraft. Highly maneuverable and of modest proportions, these boats have some chance of negotiating the defensive shell-fire of lumbering battleships and their protective destroyer screen.

"Suicide boats" attack in packs. Dodging, twisting in from all points of the compass at once, some of them must certainly go up in whistling fragments under direct hits. They are purely offensive, sacrificing all thought of safety for speed. Even a hit by a small-caliber gun would destroy such a craft.

But even the stanchest proponents of "the lady with the punch"—the battleship—admit that there is a good chance some of these midget torpedo boats will get close enough to free their missiles at distances where failure to strike is unimaginable.

Any sea weapon which the experts admit can thread defensive fire and reach the side of an enemy battleship with a huge torpedo does not merely invite consideration, it compels attention.

Such is the "suicide boat."—*Tom Cameron*

RHODES SCHOLARS' RECORDS

from "Scribner's"

IT IS an ancient and honorable tradition of the American barroom that its most decrepit and repulsive drink cadger is a man of learning fallen upon evil days. Usually the bartender confides, with a mixture of pride and irritation, that Dr. Felling knows both Greek and Latin and was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford. Over a period of years I have kept a census of these learned unfortunates, and they now number in excess of three thousand. Another myth has it that a famous Rhodes Scholar haunts the Battery in New York, panhandling and sleeping on benches. By the law of averages, at least one Rhodes Scholar *must* be cadging drinks at some bar somewhere, and sleeping on benches, but I haven't found him yet.

The fact is that the boys sent over to Oxford with their expenses paid have done reasonably well for themselves. Few of them are rich and few of them are internationally famous, but they probably have given a better accounting of their talent than an equal number of men chosen at random from the alumni lists of Harvard or Yale. They pay their bills, they have substantial reputations in their home cities, and more than a hundred of them are represented in *Who's Who*. This volume, to be sure, has its weaknesses as a guidebook of success, but the roll call is significant enough in its way.

An examination of the careers of these old Oxonians also shows that they are by no means supermen.

One thing is obvious after thirty-odd years: In America the scholarships have failed to produce national political leaders. Statistics collected by the American secretary of the Rhodes Scholarship Trust are ample evidence: Only 6.21 per cent of the alumni are in government service, and almost all of these hold appointive rather than elective jobs.

No member of the cabinet has ever been a Rhodes Scholar. No member of the Senate has ever been a Rhodes Scholar. One member of the House of Representatives—C. R. Clason of Massachusetts—is a Rhodes Scholar, but, having been elected as a Republican (as one of his contemporaries observed), he still upholds Oxford's reputation as the home of lost causes. A sprinkling of men have served in state legislatures, but on the whole the political careers of the Oxonians have not advanced much since the era when it was customary at the annual Rhodes dinner in New York to toast wryly the mayor of Hohokus, New Jersey, as their one American statesman.

Before this article was written, *Scribner's Magazine* sent out a questionnaire to one hundred Rhodes Scholars picked at random from the rolls. More than sixty replies were received. As a whole the documentary material was direct, honest, and showed a surprising detachment. On a number of points the old Oxonians were in pretty solid agreement; none regretted the time spent abroad, and only three (all business men) reported that the scholarship had been of no advantage to them in their chosen line of work. The

THIS WEEK

Suicide Boats	*Los Angeles Times*
Rhodes Scholars' Records	*Scribner's*
Our Literary Independence	*CBS Network*
Thirsty Stone	*Everybody's Weekly*
Secret Service Trickery	*King's Counsel*
A Cup of Tea	*Poslednie Novosti, Paris*
Heads for Sale	*Transgressor in the Tropics*
An Interview Fails	*NBC Network*
Swedish Bomb-Proof	*N. Y. World-Telegram*

charge, frequently made, that Rhodes scholars are not well received at Oxford was labeled a canard, although several correspondents commented that the natural reserve of the Englishman might lead some Americans to believe that they were being snubbed.

Returning scholars, after three years of school and Continental travel, frequently find it difficult to adjust themselves to earning a living and to the tempo of American life. Most of the Oxonians denied that their own readjustment had been particularly painful, but a few found it painful indeed.

The advantages have not all been one-sided. Oxford itself has profited. The impact of American ideas and English doctrines has tended to abate British provincialism and British smugness; the same force undoubtedly has improved the British graduate schools. Laboratory equipment in the sciences was nonexistent for many years, or it was so primitive as to be ridiculous, and many American students who might have applied for Rhodes Scholarships decided against it because of lack of facilities for proper research. Lord Nuffield, English automobile magnate, has recently given large sums of money to Oxford, and a comfortable part of this endowment will go toward the improvement of physical equipment.

There has been another return for Rhodes's generosity—the establishment of many scholarships for British students at American colleges. Actually today there are more Englishmen resident on scholarships in America than there are Rhodes students resident at Oxford.—*Milton Mackaye*

Photo of the Week

ACME

WAR SHADOWS—Japanese troops in grim silhouette carry a dismantled field gun across a bridge near Shanghai.—*New York Herald Tribune*

OUR LITERARY INDEPENDENCE

broadcast over CBS Network

AMERICANS as a whole are still bound to England. England, in point of fact, is superior on most counts to the United States. Among other things, it remains the fount of honor for Americans. No matter how swell and swagger an American woman may be, she considers it a great distinction to be summoned to the Court of St. James's.

No matter how patriotic an American professor may be, he is almost paralyzed with joy when Oxford or Cambridge offers him an honorary degree. The thing certainly doesn't run the other way. No Englishman with any sense regards it as a distinction to be invited to the White House, and very few English scholars set any value on American honorary degrees.

It seems to me that American writers during the past 30 years have pretty well thrown off the English tradition. The man responsible for this change was undoubtedly Mark Twain. He was the first to prove that there was an American way of writing and an American way of thinking. His predecessors were all imitation Englishmen. This was true to some extent even of Walt Whitman. James Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, Edgar Allan Poe, and Ralph Waldo Emerson were transparent Anglomaniacs. But today there is more independence of spirit, and even the most careful of stylists—for example, Joseph Hergesheimer and James Branch Cabell—show little direct English influence.

When I first began to think and write on the English language I felt convinced that English and American would gradually grow more and more apart, that the differences between the two forms of the language would gradually increase. But I no longer feel that way. During the past 15 years the pull of American has constantly been increasing, and today it is so powerful that it has begun to drag English as spoken in England along with it. As a result, some of the differences between the two languages are tending to disappear—because English in Britain is becoming more like English in the United States. Of course when an Englishman meets an American each is still conscious of language differences. But in vocabulary, in idiom, in spelling, and even in pronunciation the Englishman is gradually yielding to American example.—*H. L. Mencken*

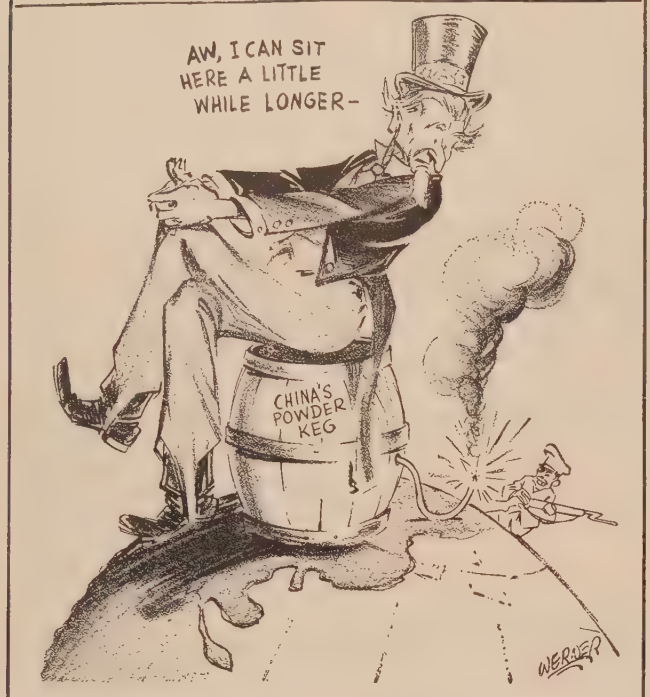
THIRSTY STONE

from "Everybody's Weekly"

WHILE the Japanese bombarded Shanghai, scores of anxious cablegrams poured from all over the world into an opulent curio shop on Bubbling Well Road, one of the most exclusive sections of China's largest city.

"Hope you are safe," was the substance of the message received again and again by Mr. and Mrs. W. Tornroth, the remarkable American couple who own this

Cartoon of the Week



—The Daily Oklahoman

unique shop. And the anxiety of those many globe-trotting customer-friends who sent them, spotlights a true story of romance, adventure, and the amazing success of an American woman in ancient China.

Jade, she found, was what most Occidentals wanted. So symbolic of China was the precious green stone that 9 out of every 10 of her customers at the very least priced it.

So Mrs. Tornroth set out to make herself an authority on jade.

With $1000 capital, Mrs. Tornroth dared the bandit-molested interior to pit her relatively untrained mind against those of the jade experts.

These old men turned their venerable poker faces against her with just the faintest suggestion of contempt. Whoever heard of a woman—and a white woman at that—presuming to meddle thus in men's work?

Contempt finally gave way to admiration. And eventually, after much deep anxiety, Mrs. Tornroth selected some stone.

As is usual, she bought a large block of stone. The actual jade is found inside such blocks.

Eagerly, she took her purchase back to Shanghai, and to the establishment of an expert cutter. Had she chosen wisely? Jade varies tremendously in value. As the stone is cut—laboriously, by hand—the precious parts are removed in sections. Those sections at the very center are most valuable—most particularly if of solid color and very dark green. Nearer the surface, the stone becomes milky, and of far less value.

When the mask-faced oriental stone-cutter beckoned to the excited woman, to come and see what his tools had brought to light from the heart of the stone she had given him, Mrs. Tornroth searched his features in vain for a clue.

And then—heart-sick with disappointment—she looked at the mass of plain gray stones that lay in the bottom of a shallow pan. Utterly worthless, she decided. Not a single trace of the delicate shades of jade green.

Even the cutter was surprised. He told her that the markings on the stone had convinced him—as they had convinced her—that a small fortune lay locked in the heart of that rock.

Suddenly Mrs. Tornroth's heart began to beat faster again. For she remembered a passage in one of her books on jade: a passage which indicated that this fascinating stone was capable of playing tricks upon its discoverers.

A noted geologist was visiting Shanghai. Scarcely daring to hope, Mrs. Tornroth arranged to meet him through a friend in the American colony.

For half an hour he keenly studied the stone, weighing, tabulating, comparing the figures of his analysis with standard tabulations. Then he smiled.

"This is the true jade," he said.

"But I don't understand," she faltered, longing to believe him. "It is too pale. People won't buy it."

Without answering, the geologist sent for a pail of water—and poured it over the light-colored stones.

A miracle happened. The pale surface sparkled with life—coruscated into a clear sparkling green, characteristic of the finest grade of jade.

"The stone was thirsty," the geologist said, whimsically. And he explained that jade is found in two types of location—either mined, in which case it is moist; or high and dry, left exposed by the action of some glacier in bygone centuries.

"Yours was dry," he said. "Water had not penetrated to the interior. But since you had the stone cut open, it would gradually have taken on its green tint, from exposure to the air. We have hastened this process—and there's your rare jade!"

And a few days later, Mrs. Tornroth learned that she could sell her discovery, in bulk, for more than five times its cost.

SECRET SERVICE TRICKERY

from "King's Counsel"

ONE of the most dramatic stories told by Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett of War days concerned the conspiracy in Paris that preceded the Russian Revolution. The British Intelligence Service knew most details of the secret conferences. It was decided that all communications in this connection passing between Paris and Petrograd should be tapped. One of the most important emissaries of the Russian Revolutionary Tribunal in Paris was a distinguished general of the Russian army. When he landed in London, he carried a common sack bound with rope, handcuffed to his wrist for additional safety, and sealed with the imperial stamp. This bag contained a number of locked official pouches.

The word had gone forth that he must not leave England before those papers had been examined.

Three men traveled in the same train, and in their pockets they had two drugs that could not fail to render the general insensible for several hours. In the country hotel of a little Scottish port, they found an opportunity to doctor the general's coffee. They satisfied themselves that he had drunk it, and walked confidently into his bedroom that night. As they walked in, a powerful flashlight was directed straight into their eyes, and they had the uncomfortable feeling that they faced a revolver. The general seemed to be drug-proof.

He embarked next day, and a harassed special agent sent word to London that the plot had failed. But it must not fail. The convoy would be stopped. They must try again—and succeed. This time, they would use a more powerful drug.

By special signal, the convoy was stopped, and in consequence the general was informed that, pending sailing orders, he must postpone his departure and remain ashore. He returned to the hotel with bad grace, and that night he unsuspectingly swallowed the drug. That time there was no flashlight in their eyes when the three agents entered his room. They released the handcuff with a master key and took the bag intact with its contents.

In those days it was impossible to transport the elaborate testing paraphernalia for secret ink and for other mysteries. It was necessary for the documents to be sent back to London for the treatment of experts. A "clear-the-line" order had gone out, and a special engine was waiting at the Scottish port with steam up. It left immediately for London with the precious bag, and was met by Curtis-Bennett at the London terminus, in the early hours of the morning.

Within half an hour of the engine's arrival in London, the contents of all the pouches were being subjected to the most technical treatment, and were then carefully repacked.

A difficulty was presented by the

broken rope and the broken seals. An expert was engaged to make a die that could be used for restamping the seals. The rope was given to assistants with instructions that at all costs, an exactly similar piece must be found. Covent Garden Market was combed, and the requisite piece of rope obtained.

The "clear-the-line" signal was sent out again, and within eight hours the engine was on its return journey to Scotland. The general still slept, and when he woke up he found the sack still handcuffed to his wrist, the rope was uncut, and the seals unbroken. He sailed to Petrograd with the feeling, no doubt, that though an attempt had been made on his diplomatic immunity, it had failed. The Russian Revolution was no surprise to the authorities in England; the detailed plans for the collapse of the existing regime, the names of the chief conspirators, and the probable extent of their revolutionary activities were known in London before they were known in Petrograd.—*Roland Wild and Derek Curtis-Bennett* (Macmillan, $2.50)

A CUP OF TEA

from "Poslednie Novosti," Paris

ALEXANDER BARMINE, chargé d'affaires of the Soviet legation at Athens, recently resigned his post and fled to France. This is how he became a political exile:

Since the beginning of the fall, Barmine had realized that all was not well around him. The purge, raging in the Soviet diplomatic service, aroused his apprehension about his personal safety. Sensing his impending disgrace, Barmine remained passive and awaited events.

In spite of his fears, Moscow delayed ordering his recall. Instead, a Soviet steamer docked at Piraeus, the port of Athens.

The captain of the ship kindly invited Barmine to "take a cup of tea on board."

Filled with sudden suspicion, Barmine refused.

"Why should I take tea on board your boat?" he answered. "I'm the host here, you're the guest. Come and take tea at the legation."

The captain insisted on having tea on board his ship. The envoy was just as determined to have tea in Athens. This tug-of-war continued for several days. Barmine's suspicions increased.

Finally, the Communist nucleus at the legation took a hand in the dispute. They passed a resolution that the envoy must take tea on board the ship.

Further resistance was useless. Fully realizing that if he went on board the steamer, he'd never return—they would carry him off to Russia by force—Barmine called instead at the French legation and asked for a visa.

The visa was granted at once, and Barmine left his post to seek asylum on French soil.

HEADS FOR SALE

from "Transgressor in the Tropics"

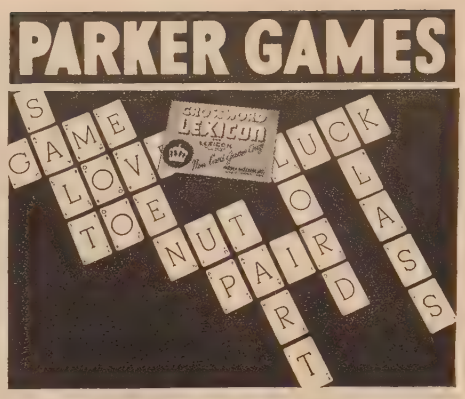
AT POPAYAN, at the foot of the 500-mile road that climbs over the Andes into Ecuador, I was offered three human heads. They were about the size of oranges, black, with long strings of hair dangling from them. Their lips had been sewn up with a white fiber of some sort; and they were all frowning. I was shown them by the local druggist. He had bought them in Quito; and I could have my pick for twenty-five dollars.

"They are made by the Jivaro Indians over in the Oriente," he said. "Whether they killed the owners to get them or not, I can't say. The chances are that they did. It's a custom of theirs. They are still wild over there; there's a tribe called the Phantom Indians which no white man has ever seen. These heads might have died a natural death—on the other hand, señor, a point that makes them more valuable—they might not. Anyway, the Ecuadorian government will fine you $400 if you are found in possession of one of these valuable heads. I smuggled these out."

The secret of how these heads are shrunk

How many fish swamp a boat?—*San Francisco Chronicle*

PARKER GAMES



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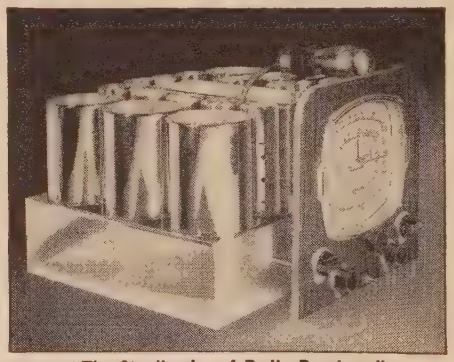

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UDAY SHAN-KAR, Hindu dancer, now touring America. Originally an art student, he became a dancer with Anna Pavlowa and now plans an art center in India

is still kept from the white man. The Indians will not speak; and the silent heads still keep coming out of the steaming jungle on the eastern side of the Ecuadorian Andes. But the secret of how the Indians shrink the human head is still undiscovered.

There is a story that you hear all up and down the west coast of South America of a German scientist who was determined to find it. He was an old chap, bald as an egg, with a Kaiser Wilhelm mustache. His greatest friend was the manager of one of the coastal shipping lines, an Englishman who had actually retired but who liked to cruise up and down the old familiar coast in the ships he had once managed. Whenever he wanted to, the old German could have a free passage with him. On one trip the German scientist waved him farewell and said he was going over into the Oriente. He got off at Callao and headed for Iquitos—and for a couple of years no more was heard of him.

One day, when the old Englishman was sitting on one of his ships in the harbor of Callao, a boy came aboard with a note. It was from the old German who keeps the curiosity shop in Callao: Would the Englishman please call at the shop before he left Callao? The Englishman very reluctantly did so.

"Well," declared the old German, "here he is."

The Englishman held the head of his old friend in his hand. It was unmistakable. While it had no hair on its crown, it was practically all mustache. The Jivaros can't go so far as to shrink hair on their head trophies.

"How much will you give me for it?" asked the old curiosity man.

"Good God!"

The Englishman went back on board ship and told the steward to put a fresh bottle of whisky in his cabin—immediately.

While I was in Guayaquil there was a head that had recently been offered that was still causing a lot of talk. Some believed it to be the head of a courier for the German Embassy who had started from Iquitos for Lima the year before. He had expressed a curiosity as to just how these Jivaro heads are made. And he had just vanished. Two men who had been offered the head and had held it in their hands said that it was not the courier. It had red hair and a red mustache.

"Obviously an Englishman."

—*Negley Farson* (Harcourt Brace and Co., $2.50)

AN INTERVIEW FAILS

broadcast over NBC Network

Along the Ryksstraatweg in Doorn is the late Kaiserin's rosarium, open to the public. Behind it is a forest, which guards the privacy of House Doorn, where the Kaiser lives.

Christmas Eve morning, 1931, found me moving cautiously through this forest toward Wilhelm's retreat. I had visited the rosarium and admired the beautiful flowers, and then watched my chance and wandered off into the woods.

Vigilant Dutch guards were all about, but no one had seen me. In time I came to the edge of the woods and stopped behind a tree. There before me, not 75 feet away, was the once All Highest of the German Empire.

I watched Wilhelm chop away at a log, then pause and survey his realm. I decided that now or never was the time to interview the exiled monarch.

Taking a deep breath, I stepped from behind the tree. An instant later a heavy hand fell on my shoulder and I was roughly thrown around and off balance. I looked into the menacing face of a burly Dutch guard.

A stream of Hollandish invective began to stream from his mouth. I protested innocent intent in every language I knew, but he was unconvinced and literally gave me the bum's rush toward the rosarium. Ten minutes later I was undergoing an inquisition at Doorn's police station.

The Dutch are a thorough people. They asked me countless questions. They examined my credentials. They did everything but mistreat me. Finally they agreed to telephone my London office at my expense. Meanwhile, I could, and did, languish in one of their immaculate but bitterly cold cells.

After talking with London—also The Hague, I learned later—they seemed satisfied that I had not intended to kidnap or murder the former Kaiser. They told me to get out of town and not come back—I haven't been back since.—*Linton Wells*

SWEDISH BOMB-PROOF

from "New York World-Telegram"

There is no element of surprise in the news that underground passages at Windsor Castle are being converted into bomb-proof, gas-proof shelters where the British royal family may seek refuge from enemy attacks on England.

But it is surprising and disconcerting to learn, from a Department of Commerce report, that financial interests in Goteborg, Sweden, are planning a new apartment house with bomb-proof cellars, gas-proof compartments and an emergency hospital room. We have thought of the Scandinavian countries as one area on the European map where the people are so unmistakably committed to peace as to be free from fear of war.

We were wrong, it seems. The Swedes and Norwegians and Danes kept out of the World War. Beyond doubt they want to keep out of any war. They are spending no billions on armament. But with such neighbors as they have even they cannot be sure of safety. Will that apartment house in Goteborg, with its bomb-proof cellars and gas-proof rooms, stand as a monument to the dead hope of security for nations whose only desire is to mind their own business and keep the peace?

Poem of the Week

LAMBING

In iron midnights in the downland fold
The shepherd with a lantern tends his ewes.
The fox barks by; the midnight, tense with cold,
Stares, with her frosty eyes, at Life beginning
In skinny things, who think it unworth winning,
And one hard man who cannot let them lose.

—John Masefield in *The Country Scene* (Macmillan, $18.50)

Topics in the News

Business . Religion . Science . Movies . Theater

BUSINESS: We chart the climb upward and the slide downward

THE BEGINNING of a new year is a time when business men like to look forward. And sometimes the best view of the road ahead is from a place where one can also glance backward. Let's look over our shoulders at the past three years—1935, 1936, and 1937.

During the first two months of 1935, stock prices touched their recovery peak. Then in March, concomitantly with a fall in the British pound, an era of business gloom set in.

In May of that year the Supreme Court invalidated the National Industrial Recovery Act. Four months later, President Roosevelt promised business a breathing spell. From that time on, statistical indexes reversed their trend and portrayed a marked swing upward.

When 1936 opened, two developments in Washington occupied the front pages: the Supreme Court nullified the Agricultural Adjustment Act, and Congress passed the veterans' bonus appropriation over the President's veto. Payments poured out to veterans that summer.

Outstanding during the fall of 1936 was the continued climb of business following the reëlection of Roosevelt.

One other feature of late 1936 was the beginning of the sit-down strikes of labor. Workers "sat down" in October, and continued to do so until 1937 was long here.

December of 1936 closed with a flood of dividends to stockholders and a flood of waters in the Ohio Valley and the East.

Early in April, 1937, President Roosevelt warned that prices of durable goods were too high, and were rising faster than prices of consumers' goods. At the end of the month, the Federal Reserve Board put into play the third of its trio of credit controls by boosting reserve requirements of member banks to the full legal limit, to prevent further inflation.

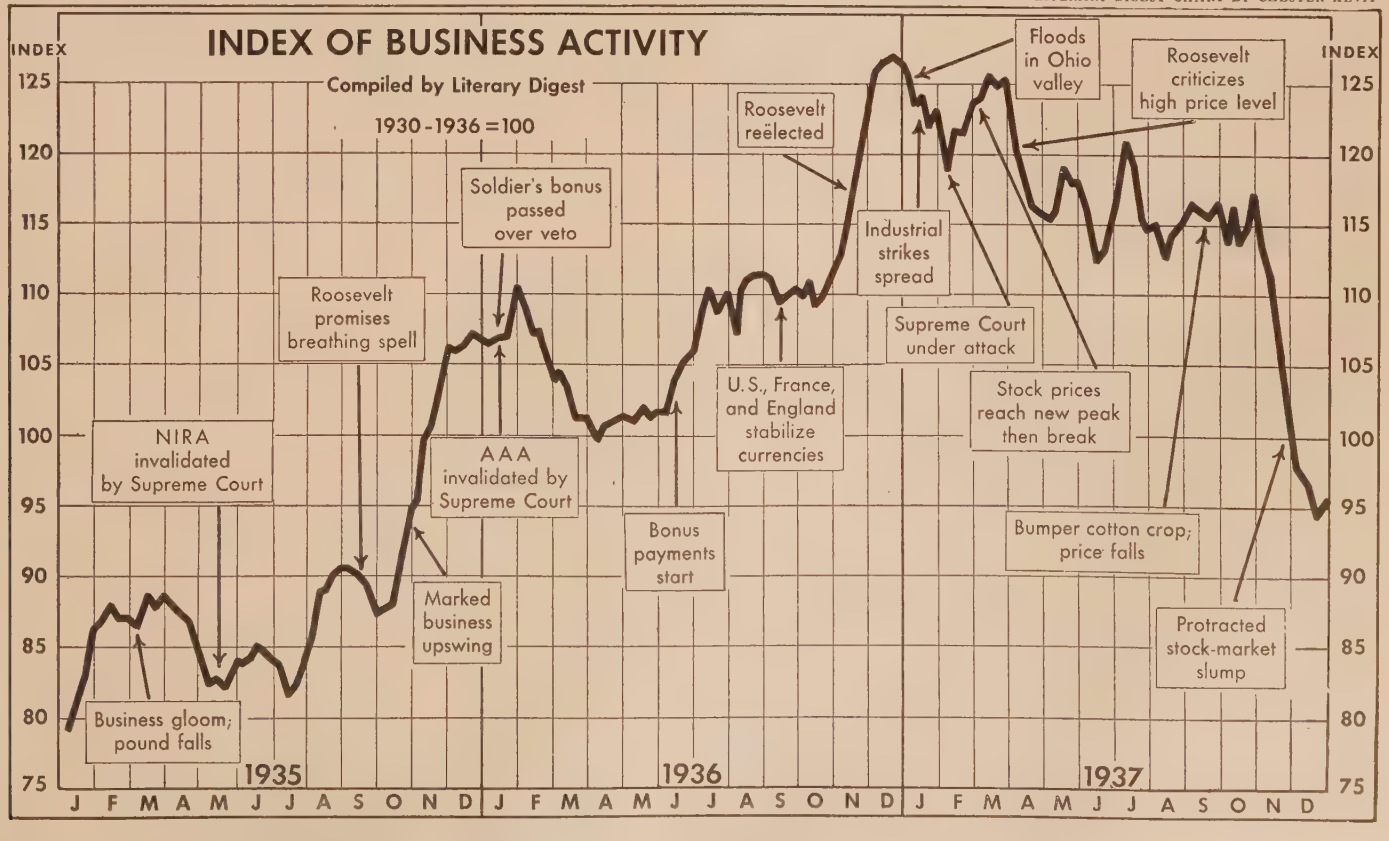
From April onward, stock and commodity prices turned downward, but people did not become alarmed until autumn, when the stock market fell with loud bangs. And when the market fell, most everything else fell in the fall of the year that has just now closed.

At the end of 1937, with all business indexes down to new lows, observers opined that business was right back where it started from in 1935; that it had, in fact, within these three years, run the entire course of a major business cycle.

RELIGION: Our Mormons make plans to take care of their own

MORMONS in Salt Lake City cast eager eyes during the holidays at a front-page story in the church's daily *Deseret News,* in the form of the annual Christmas message of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints to its 750,000 communicants. Signed by austere,

LITERARY DIGEST CHART BY CHESTER KEVIT



A MAJOR BUSINESS CYCLE has occurred in these past three years, registered here by the Literary Digest's own index of general business. The fall was more sudden than the climb upward

bearded President Heber J. Grant and the church's No. 2 and No. 3 men, Counselors J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and David O. McKay, it said:

"Civilized nations are sitting on a mountain of explosives accumulated in defiance of Christ's teachings. Mistrust and misunderstandings between capital and labor continually bring distress and destruction of prosperity. The liquor evil is still an unsolved problem. Wars for expansion in which the innocent are mutilated and killed are carried on today as in the days of barbarism. Arbitration as a means of settling international questions is even now stifled by outbursts of ancient brute force."

Mormon readers suddenly brightened as they read: "In response to the appeal of the leaders of the church, 221 storehouses have been established in which are stored thousands of pounds of foodstuffs, articles of clothing, bedding, etc., ready for proper distribution."

Like everyone else, Mormons were badly hit by the 1929 depression. When the storm subsided they found at least 80,000 of their fellows on the public relief rolls—an unprecedented circumstance in their history. A principle of survival since the rollicking days of Joseph Smith had been coöperation between rich and poor, work for everybody, suffering for none. To implement it, the church fathers had given perennial warning against the future's unknown quantity.

The present program is the Church Security Plan, which went into effect in April, 1936. Its purpose was to take the 80,000 off public relief by October 1 of that year and make them self-sufficient and independent of church doles. Tremendous progress has been made, but the first phase of that objective has not yet been realized. Many Mormons still are being supported by extra-church agencies, how many not even church officials would estimate last week. Records show, however, that during the last quarter a total of 584 family heads were taken off public rolls.

The real point is that the Mormons have forged ahead in an almost communistic scheme to help themselves. Church leaders believe, contrary to the federal doctrine, that an abundance of farm produce is the best means of alleviating distress. They have encouraged Mormon farmers to produce all they are able to and to convert surpluses to the uses of the security program.

Church leaders declare that the current security project is in a better position to meet emergencies than it was a year ago. This is due to the development of a strong organization running from top to bottom through the 15 regions, 118 "stakes" and 1080 wards of the sect—which extend in a wide, straight belt that runs from Mexico up into Canada, with Salt Lake City as headquarters.

This organization immediately began the storage of foodstuffs and other vital

PHOTOS FROM WIDE WORLD

EVER-FULL GRANARY is the aim of the Mormon church. It believes the best insurance against depression is a warehouse of food, fuel, clothing. Church funds are available for farm equipment, building, irrigation dams, coöperative works

commodities. The result was that by last week the Salt Lake warehouse had on hand: 200,000 cans of fruits and vegetables, 5000 sacks of potatoes, 2000 sacks of onions, 1500 sacks of carrots, 100 sacks of turnips, 4000 sacks of apples, and 2500 bushels of wheat. In addition it was piling up a carload of coal weekly. At Ogden's storehouse there were 80,000 cans of fruits and vegetables, and about the same proportion of other products. At Idaho Falls, Idaho, bins held approximately 125,000 cans of produce, 33,000 bushels of potatoes, and a large surplus of wheat. Some of the goods were obtained from work projects, others from fast offerings.

To obtain these foodstuffs and evolve a continuous program of sustained livelihood, the church worked out a four-point program:

(1) Providing the farmer with seed, lending him money to purchase new equipment, educating him in more up-to-date methods.

(2) Finding work for the unemployed; helping home building; vocational training.

(3) Removing families from marginal lands to more productive centers and helping them to gain a new foothold.

(4) Establishing new industries to promote employment and the use of the community's resources. This includes reclamation projects, make-work projects of permanent nature.

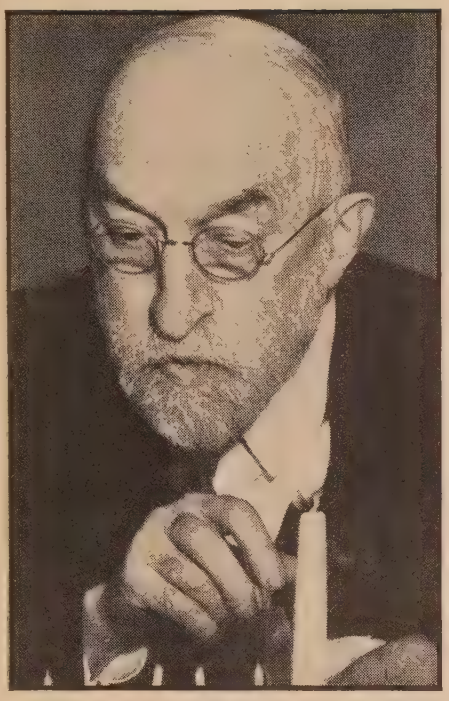
Agricultural endeavors have predominated. Stakes and wards have taken up farming programs as community enterprises, with donated labor. Scores of seed loans have been arranged, assisting many families in the struggle for independence from public relief. On the Keogh ranch in the Raft River country of Idaho 26 families are getting a start under guidance of church security leaders. In Canada, in a small branch of the Lethbridge stake, a number of families in straitened circumstances because of the drought were moved into a new section known as the Rosemary Reclamation Project, east of Calgary. At Manassa, Colorado, 25 Mexican families, members of the church, are being removed to a 440-acre tract purchased by the church.

To provide water where the supply is inadequate, dams are being constructed, mainly by earth fills, near Roosevelt, Utah, with approximately 1300 acre-feet of water, and at Ashley Valley, in the Uintah Basin, 5000 acre-feet.

Lifeblood of the whole project has been the capability of exchanging the various products for others, or for work. The main form of financing has been in the Fast Offering Fund. Every church member goes without two meals during each month and pays the equivalent to the church welfare board. This has been augmented by the usual tithing, direct contributions, and special fast days levied by the individual stakes to meet needs.

A coöperative security society has been organized, as a financial subcommittee of the church, empowered to do business in any part of the United States, not for gain. This society lends money for rehabilitating farms, building homes, purchasing equipment, and the like. Its funds are not available for establishing industries to compete with existing industries or other institutions of private business.

Salt Lake City members operate a small but efficient garment factory which



MORMON LEADER since 1918, Heber J. Grant directs banks, a railway, insurance, sugar, coöperative companies

has a twofold purpose: that of providing clothing for the security program and of training for women. Some of this clothing will be stored away, or exchanged for other products.

SCIENCE: Tooth decay traced via rats and Eskimos

RATS, Eskimos, and compact food rich in carbohydrates together made a headline story last week. Dental criminal No. 1 is the hitherto elusive cause of most tooth decay. After eight years of investigation, two Columbia University scientists, Dr. Theodor Rosebury and Dr. Maxwell Karshan, report evidence that compact food, starchy or sweet, is this criminal. Clues from rats reared in New York laboratories led to observations upon Eskimos in Alaska. Discoveries there induced more work upon city rats.

For more than six years, the dental detectives looked to the rat. To force molar decay in rats similar to that in man, there turns out to be only one means. The rat must have a diet including raw cereal coarsely ground—that is, particles at least a sixteenth-inch in diameter. If its food is finely ground, or cooked, the rat's molars do not decay.

"The coarse cereal particles cause decay; but other conditions, secondary or contributing causes, determine its extent," explains Dr. Rosebury. "Vitamin D is one of the most important factors of the secondary phenomena. By taking a deficient diet which produces the maximum amount of decay, and adding only vitamin D in amounts sufficient for normal bone development, the tooth decay in rats is cut down to a great extent. On the other hand, when sugar is added to the diet, the amount of decay is increased."

Most remarkable discovery told by the rat: In the absence of raw, coarse cereal, even the poorest of diets induces no decay. Hence the question which struck Dr. Rosebury: "What human food corresponds to the coarse raw cereal fed to rats as the primary cause of tooth decay?"

Thereupon came a voyage to the Kuskokwim area of Alaska. Our dental detectives recalled that Eskimos, like all primitive peoples, are remarkably free from tooth decay. Eighteen months ago, with Dr. Leuman W. Waugh, of Columbia's Dental School and of the U. S. Public Health Service, Dr. Rosebury went to the Eskimos.

These dental huntsmen surveyed three Eskimo communities: Kepnuk, close to the Bering Sea; Eek, seventy miles east of Kepnuk; and a Moravian orphanage eighteen miles north of Bethel.

Kepnuk is the most primitive community. The only white dwellers are a teacher (in a government school for natives) and his wife. "The Eskimos adhere to their traditional diet of fish, meat, and fat, with some berries and greens in summer. This diet, chiefly protein and fat, is extremely low in carbohydrates," observes Dr. Rosebury. Here there is very little dental decay.

Eek is slightly more civilized. "At Eek, the children have a high incidence of tooth decay. One of the favorite foods of the children at Eek is pilot biscuit."

At the orphanage near Bethel, "the children receive dental care, brush their teeth, and have clean mouths, in contrast with the native children of Kepnuk, who have dirty, if healthy, mouths." Here at Bethel the proportion of carbohydrates is highest. But the degree of tooth decay is only halfway between that at Kepnuk and that at Eek.

Explanation? Pilot biscuits. Says Dr. Rosebury: "Previous observers attributed

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DUSKY DANCERS, the Sisters Peters are women weighty. They steal the show in Twentieth Century Fox's *Love and Hisses.* Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie, and Simone Simon are the stars who accompany the darktown trio

the prevalence of decay at settlements like Eek to white man's food, pointing out that flour and sugar displace important elements in Eskimo diet. But it was not clear why the orphanage, with even more white man's food, had less decay than Eek. Yet the amounts of pilot biscuit and of sugar used at the three settlements tally with their respective prevalence of decay. No other food shows this correlation." Pilot biscuits are hard, compact, rich in carbohydrates (starch). They are analogous to the coarse cereal particles fed New York rats, are instrumental in preparing the teeth for an onset of dental decay.

Back home: The rats, during more than a year of further experimentation, confirm Dr. Rosebury's suspicion. "Pilot biscuits can act like coarse cereal particles to produce decay in rats. Here, then, is one article of human diet, probably representative of a type of food, which is directly implicated as a primary cause of tooth decay."

The mechanism of decay? "When eaten, particles of such foods are packed into the fissures of teeth under relatively strong biting pressure, and are not subsequently removed in the process of eating. The particles ferment and the acids produced attack the tooth structure, causing cavities. Other food, such as bread or toast, which may be hard but is not compact, and crumbles under biting pressure without packing, does not come within the same classification."

Dr. Rosebury stands convinced that the popular notion as to the harmful effects of soft food is unfounded.

MOVIES: From Walter Winchell to opera stars

With apologies to Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie, and Simone Simon, the actual constellation of *Love and Hisses* is a trio of dusky damsels, the Sisters Peters. All nine hundred pounds of them do a speedy tap dance to "Broadway's Gone Hawaii," that can only be described as "rich."

Apart from this, *Love and Hisses* repeats the Winchell-Bernie heckling act made familiar long ago, thanks to the press, the air, and their previous film, *Wake Up and Live.* Although the present venture is not the story its predecessor was, our No. 1 columnist has irresistible charm for half the literate public. No matter how much you may object to Walter in principle, there's no denying that he is amusing to watch. For the rest there is Bert Lahr stooging for Bernie, Joan Davis My-Girl-Fridaying for Winchell, and Mlle. Simon making her debut as a triller. She sings the "Bell Song" from *Lakme,* not to mention several Gordon and Revel numbers, and is all dressed up to look like a Hollywood edition of Peggy Hopkins Joyce—or something. Quite a skip from the little miss who once played in *Girls' Dormitory.* Her pout is still with us, however.

Opera singers plus comedy

Two Metropolitan Opera stars, Lily Pons and Grace Moore, are doing their annual stint for sound and celluloid. The new Pons picture, traveling under the heading *Hitting a New High,* tops its predecessors by including a gang of funny men with suitable comic stuff. Jack Oakie press-agents for Edward Everett Horton, the millionaire opera patron whom Miss Pons seeks to interest. Eric Blore and Luis Alberni each gives off his own brand of atrocious mugging. The RKO vehicle is a goofy affair which permits Miss Pons to impersonate a bird girl found in the wilds of Africa and to sing "Je Suis Titania" from *Mignon* and the *Lucia* mad scene, as well as some swing numbers.

Columbia's *I'll Take Romance* provides Miss Moore with an Argentine background, Melvyn Douglas, and excerpts from *Martha, Manon,* and *Madame Butterfly,* not to mention Oscar Hammerstein 2d's title song. The comedy aims to be daffy, frequently too daffy.

There isn't much sense going into serious cinematic discussion of these diva films. If you like Grace Moore, her voice, and her arias, you will enjoy the picture. If not, try Lily Pons.

THEATER: Ibsen's "A Doll's House" in brilliant revival

If Henrik Ibsen has a vantage point from which to gaze down on Broadway, he must be pleased with Jed Harris' loving and brilliant revival of his masterpiece, *A Doll's House.*

"No one ever seems further out of date than the leader of a cause after the victory is won," observed John Anderson in the New York *Journal and American.* When Nora Helmer slammed the door on her stuffed-shirt husband for the first time in 1879, the report deafened every ear in Europe. But her battle is over now —over sufficiently for the New Woman to be as familiar a sight as an old shoe.

Yet there has been almost unanimous approval both of the Harris production, which played last summer in Central City, Colorado, and the essentials of the play itself. With so much balderdash floating over the footlights, it is a delight again to see Ibsen. The man had something. No matter how silly his plot may seem today, that something shines through clearly. He was a great writer and a great understander of the emotions that make human beings tick. In the hands of Mr. Harris' fine cast—even in the passages they muff —the master's genius is moving.

It seems to this writer ridiculous that a wife who forges a check to save her dying husband should live in terror lest he discover it; even more ridiculous to suppose a husband who would accuse such

a woman of being a criminal. Mistaken, perhaps, she was; but a woman most contemporary husbands would proudly excuse. If you can forget the dated premises on which Ibsen built his characters, you will find yourself irresistibly drawn into his characters and moved by the tragedies into which they inevitably develop.

In other words, Ibsen was no Shakespeare or Aeschylus. He never dealt with the abstract human qualities, as universal today as they were yesterday. He was, however, one of the masters of realism and character development. If you can substitute a situation intelligible to us today and then pretend that it, and not a forged check, was the crux of Nora's metamorphosis, you will find genuine drama in *A Doll's House*.

Ibsen alone is not responsible for the latter-day success of a play about the emancipation of women. In fact, his excursion into this subject has not, in this reviewer's opinion, the stature of his subsequent works such as *Hedda Gabler*. A goodly part of the credit for the present success of *A Doll's House* goes to the company. Jed Harris' direction and his actors' performances make a playgoer glad that no more time slipped by without another revival of this drama.

Ruth Gordon, idol of stage fans, won hard knocks for her interpretation of Nora. Critics praised her unusual histrionic ability, but they rated her mannerisms excessive, her voice monotonous.

The others, Sam Jaffe as Krogstad, who exposes Nora's forgery, Dennis King as Nora's priggish husband, and particularly Paul Lukas (making his American stage debut after a long Hollywood career) as the ailing Doctor Rank, scored a majority of marks on the credit side. Thornton Wilder's modernized adaptation, largely restricted to deleting irritating mannerisms of speech, has been warmly received.

IBSEN HEROINE is Ruth Gordon in New York's revival of *A Doll's House*. Miss Gordon, 41 years old, started her stage career in 1915, playing with Maude Adams in *Peter Pan*. She likes alley cats

LUCAS & PRITCHARD

TOPICS IN BRIEF

JUST when England had made considerable progress in solving its housing problem, the United States decides to send it an ambassador with a wife and nine children.—*H. I. Phillips in Birmingham Age-Herald*

How will this world mess turn out? Well, a man will risk his neck to get something he wants, but not to keep something he has.—*Robert Quillen in Detroit Free Press*

Young Governor La Follette of Wisconsin insists the two old political parties are out-of-date. As good a man as his father wore himself out with that idea.—*Jack Warwick in Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*

Scientists declare there are twelve different varieties of snow. And that's not including the predicted or weather-man snow, that may be anything from sunshine to torrential rain.—*Christopher Billopp in Baltimore Evening Sun*

A Massachusetts judge rules that there is nothing in the law to prevent a man's criticizing his wife, but he carefully refrains from recommending it as a policy. —*Kansas City Star*

The SEC, cracking down on the New York Stock Exchange, mentions many similarities to Monte Carlo. Missing, though, is the sound of surf and a high place to jump.—*Troy (N. Y.) Record*

Hon. Jesse Jones, who should know, says we do have a "recession" but no "depression." Prosperity has just gone around that old Hoover corner for a minute, we suppose.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal*

Great Britain is getting up a big army, and, to help along, the examiners have quit barring a man because he has a wife or false teeth.—*Tulsa World*

In Russian politics they don't bury the hatchet; they bury the opposition.—*George Ryan in Boston Herald*

President Roosevelt has made up with the utilities. He has agreed to plow under only every third millionaire. —*Carey Williams in Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal*

A Japanese bombing squadron was reported court-martialed last week for an unpardonable offense against Japanese military regulations. It seems the bombers got confused and dropped the apologies before they dropped the bombs.—*New York Sun*

Haile Selassie, deposed ruler of Ethiopia, may make his home in India as the guest of a Nawab of Ethiopian ancestry. Mussolini hopes he will prove a good Indian and stay on his new reservation.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune*

FOR THE RECORD

LIFELIKE CHARACTER—It has remained for Erle Stanley Gardner to keep three detective heroes going at once. He started off with Perry Mason. . . . Then Mr. Mason got tired of him and created another hero. . . . Now Mr. Mason has a third hero.—*Literary Digest*

Pulling our leg—Stockmen say a bull, while grazing, stands with one foreleg forever, and with his rear leg in just the opposite position.—*Bridgeport (Conn.) Post*

Perfectly round—Risko claims to be in perfect shape. He is expected to tip the scales at about 800 pounds.—*San Francisco Call-Bulletin*

Too angelic—A— Y—, a veteran Communist official and close friend of Joseph Stalin until removed on charges of personal immortality, was executed.—*Washington Evening Star*

Bad as that?—H— A— and J— M— compose music for the song numbers by the foul male comedians.—*Springfield (Mass.) Daily News*

Striply business—Help Wanted: Stripping girls in the A— Company.—*Athol (Mass.) Daily News*

New twist—Federal Agent H— S— was seriously wounded when he "shot it out" with a suspected contortionist.—*Omaha World-Herald*

With overtime?—The State Council of Defense issued the following to Indiana housewives: Do not feed hoboes, because unemployment at good pay may be had, practically in every city and on farms. —*Oakland City Journal*

Mrs. passes cigars—Mr. and Mrs. F— G— announce the birth of a son. . . . Mr. G— and baby are in R— hospital. —*Meridian (Miss.) Star*

Hard-headed business man?—The motorman was thrown several feet clear of the car when it crashed and landed on his head. He suffered a fractured right index finger.—*New York Sun*

Valuable victim—Mr. M— was cut and bruised but was worth saving and was taken to H— Hospital.—*New York Herald Tribune*

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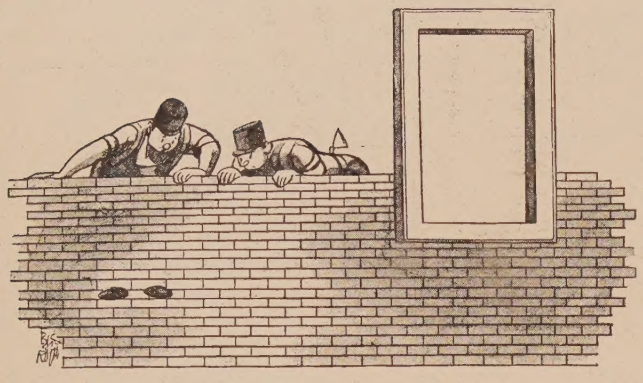


"They're my feet all right. They must have fallen asleep."—*Maclean's*

Absent-Minded Professor—He got up in the morning and brushed his teeth with the toothpaste and shaved with the shaving cream. At breakfast he poured the syrup on his pancakes and scratched his back. He kissed his wife goodbye and slammed the door. He petted the neighbor's dog and said hello to the neighbor's wife. When it started to rain he had his umbrella with him.

"I guess I'm getting absent-minded," he said. "I forgot I was in a college comic."—*Blue Moon*

Summary—The university president was delivering his baccalaureate speech. In the audience were an elderly man and woman, obviously foreigners, who were having some trouble understanding the president's address to the class, of which their son was a member.

"What he say?" finally demanded the mother, frowning.

"Who?" asked the father.

"The beega fella in black robes. What he say?"

"He say school is out."—Punch Bowl

Cub—A group of reporters were gagging about a correspondent who was connected with the New York *Times* several years ago. His initial assignment was a Lincoln Day celebration far out on Long Island. He wired in his report, concluding with: "The high spot was Capt. Tomkins' elocution. He rendered Lincoln's Gettysburg address, which was as follows—." And he wired in the entire speech.

The editor, who was watching it come in, became a little ill, but not too sick to send his cub this message:

"On Washington's birthday don't send us what he said at Valley Forge—we've GOT it!"—*Walter Winchell in Chicago American*

Faith—New angle, to me, on the old yarn about the pal who was visiting the bandage-covered friend in the hospital.

"What happened?" queried the victim.

"You were drunk and you bet you could jump out the window and fly around the block," said the pal.

"Why," howled the patient, "didn't you stop me?"

"Stop you, hell—I had $10 on you!"—John Chapman in New York Daily News

Caution—An agent was trying to sell Sam Goldwyn a prominent actor. Goldwyn told the agent that he wasn't interested in established stars, that he wanted to build his own actors.

"Look how I developed Jon Hall," said Goldwyn. "He's a better leading man than Robert Taylor will ever be—some day."—*Sidney Skolsky in New York Daily Mirror*

No Mystery—Jones: "How do you spend your income?"

Smith: "About 30 per cent for shelter, 30 per cent for clothing, 40 per cent for food and 20 per cent for amusement."

Jones: "But that adds up to 120 per cent."

Smith: "That's right."—*Catalina Islander*

Definition—A conscience is that sixth sense that comes to our aid when we are doing wrong and tells us that we are about to get caught.—Nebraska Blue Print

Labor Economics—Johnson was talking about his farm to a young city man staying at the village inn. "Why don't you have one of those motor harvesting machines?" asked the city man. "They do the work of six men, you know." The other stroked his beard. "No use to me, mister. I've only got enough work for four men, so the thing would be wasting two men's time."—*Montreal Star*

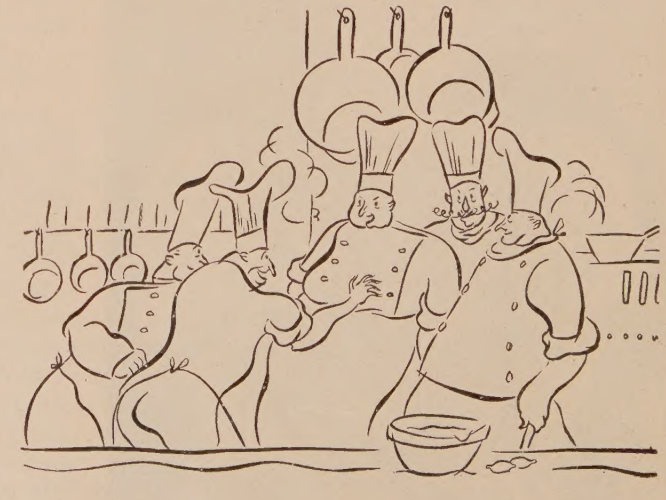
Point Scored—Waiters, of course, are not in a position to snap back at ill-bred guests; but one English head waiter once made the perfect retort to an uncouth customer:

"My position, sir," he said, "does not allow me to argue with you; but if it ever came to a choice of weapons, I would choose grammar."—The Listener

Honor Among Thieves—The other day a politician said the best way to deal with the racketeer is to appeal to his sense of justice. Trouble is, a lotta racketeers have been at it so long they think they have a legitimate business.

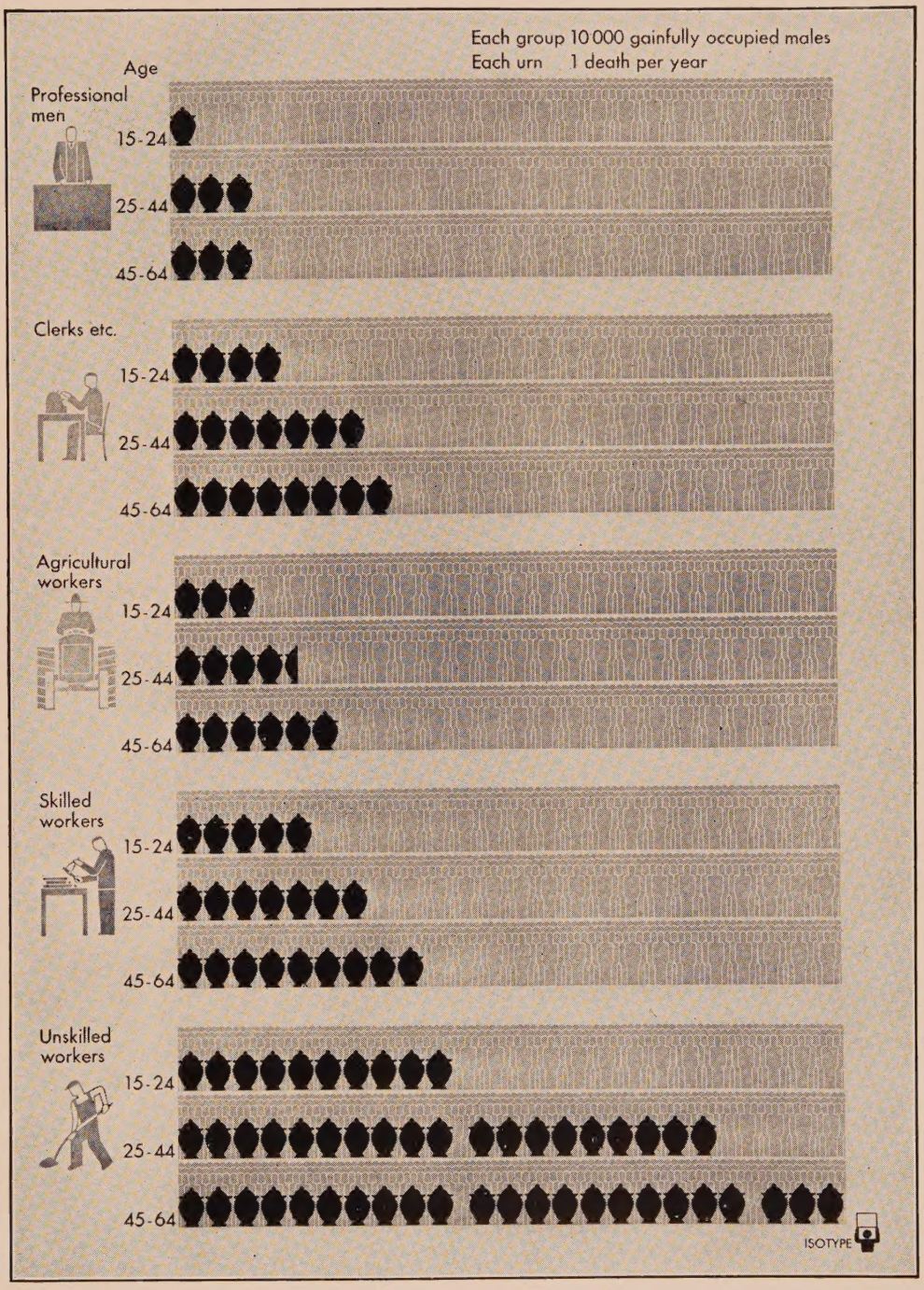
I remember down home when all the farmers started missin' hogs. They were pretty certain who the hog thief was but they never could catch him at it. One day my uncle got in a big shipment of prize hogs and he called this hog thief over to the house and says: "Now, I'm gonna make you a proposition. I'll let you take your pick of two of the finest hogs in that bunch if you'll promise not to bother any of the rest of them."

The hog thief looked over this big bunch of fat hogs and says, "Well, you've been a pretty good neighbor and I'll accept your offer, but I'm losin' a lot of good meat."—*Bob Burns in Houston Chronicle*



"It's all set for the picnic, then. The girls will bring the lunch."—*Cornell Widow*

Tuberculosis Death Rates Highest Among Unskilled Workers



The graph above shows the relative situation in regard to tuberculosis among employed men roughly classified into five occupational groups. It is readily seen that among unskilled workers the burden of tuberculosis falls most heavily. Their death rate from tuberculosis is six and one-half times that for the banker, the business executive, the civil or electrical engineer, the lawyer and others of a more favorable economic status.

In the successful campaign against tuberculosis now being waged by the National Tuberculosis Association through the agency of the Christmas seal, more attention needs to be given to this great army of unskilled workers who do all the heavy drudgery, so essential to all our varied activities.

Why this difference between the various occupational groups? Are unskilled workers because of their jobs more prone to this disease? Probably not. But because of the relatively low wages paid for their kind of work, their housing, food, clothing and recreation suffer accordingly and they are thus rendered more apt to harbor tuberculous infection if they are exposed to it.

Another story told by the graph, and an important one, is that tuberculosis is no respecter of age. In every group the tuberculosis death rate is higher for those over 45 than it is for those below that age. To eradicate it we need to concentrate our efforts not only on the unskilled laborer but on the oldsters as well as the youth of this country.

Footnote: Figures used as basis of the graph taken from "Death Rates by Occupation" National Tuberculosis Association, 1934.

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If you invest **$18.75, $37.50, $75** or **$375** each month in Savings Bonds, under the present offering, there will be payable each month, beginning at the end of ten years from your first investment, a sum 33⅓% greater than the amount of each purchase, and continuing just as long as you may have made the original investments.

Among the reasons why a million investors have placed more than a billion dollars in Savings Bonds are:

Free from price fluctuation—the fixed cash redemption values, which are never less than the purchase price, are printed on the face of each bond.

Tax exempt both as to principal and interest to the same extent as other Treasury bonds.

Ownership by two persons—they may be registered in the names of two (but not more than two) individuals. Such bonds may be redeemed by either person named as coowner.

Protection against loss—should your bond be lost, burned, or otherwise destroyed a duplicate will normally be issued upon satisfactory proof of loss.